

ALL NEW



NO. 213 00709
APR 75/CDC

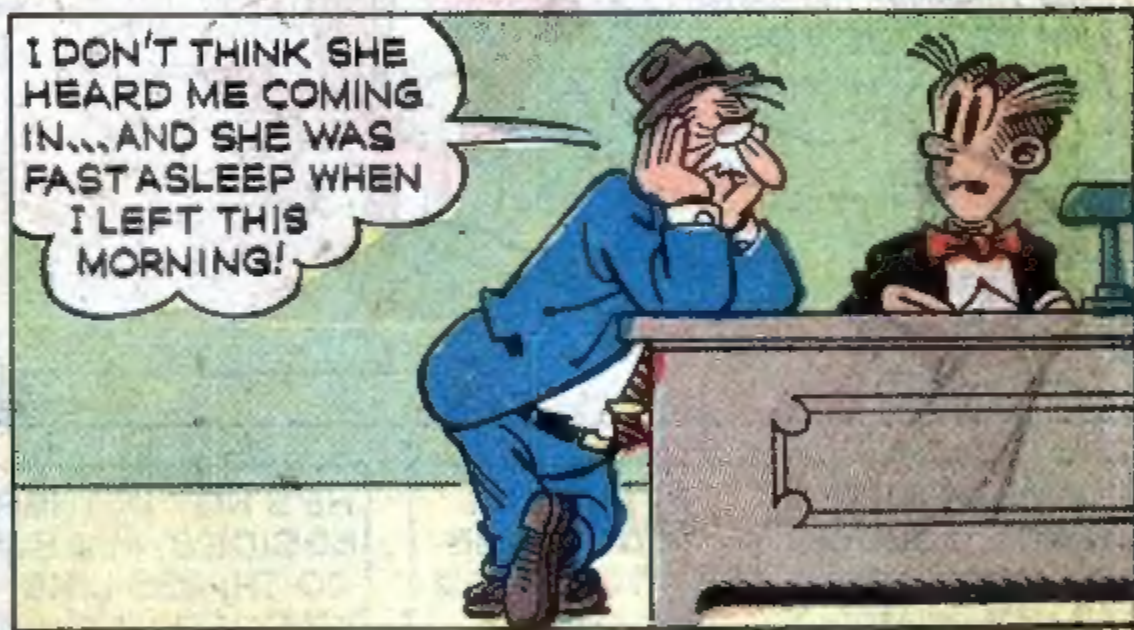
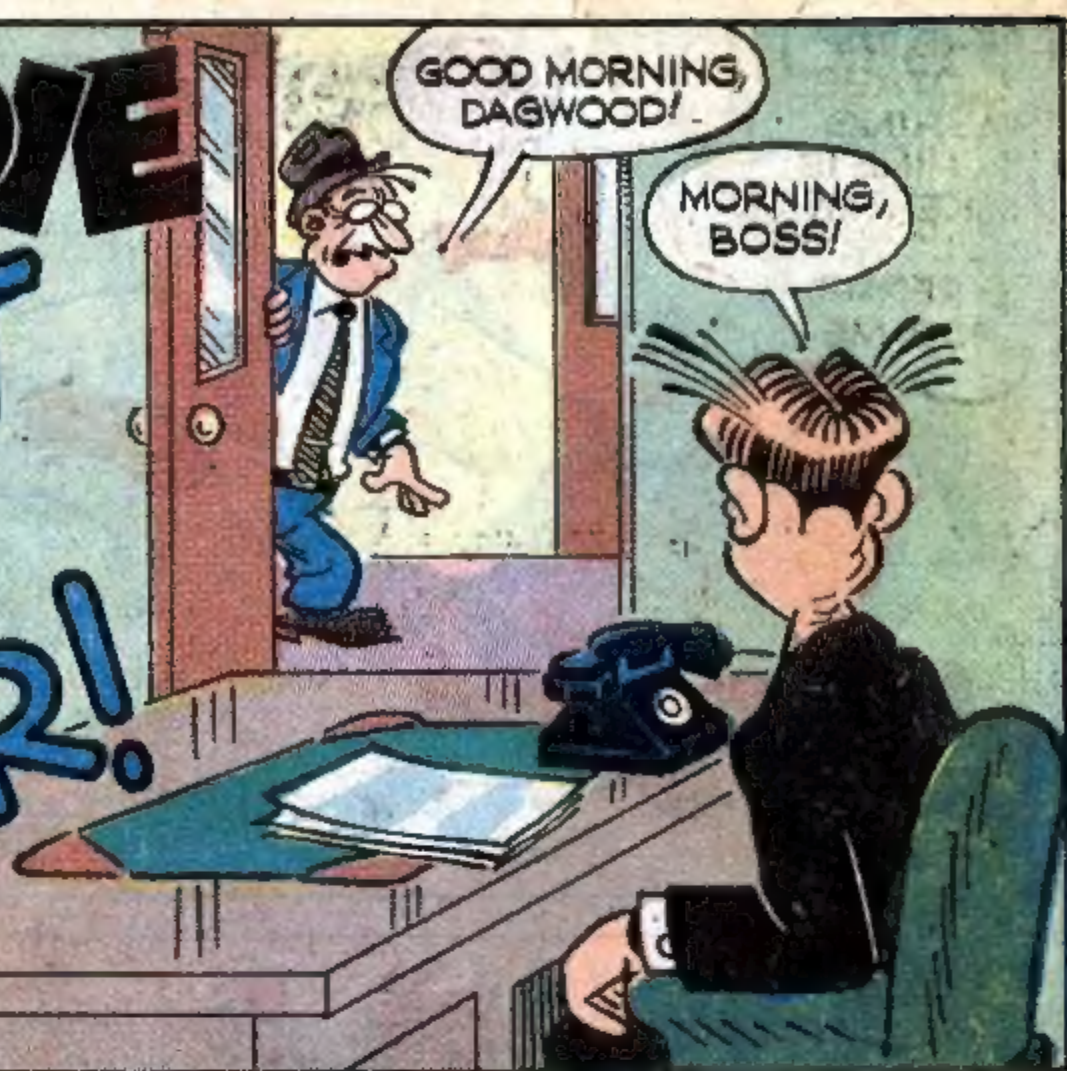
CHIC YOUNG'S

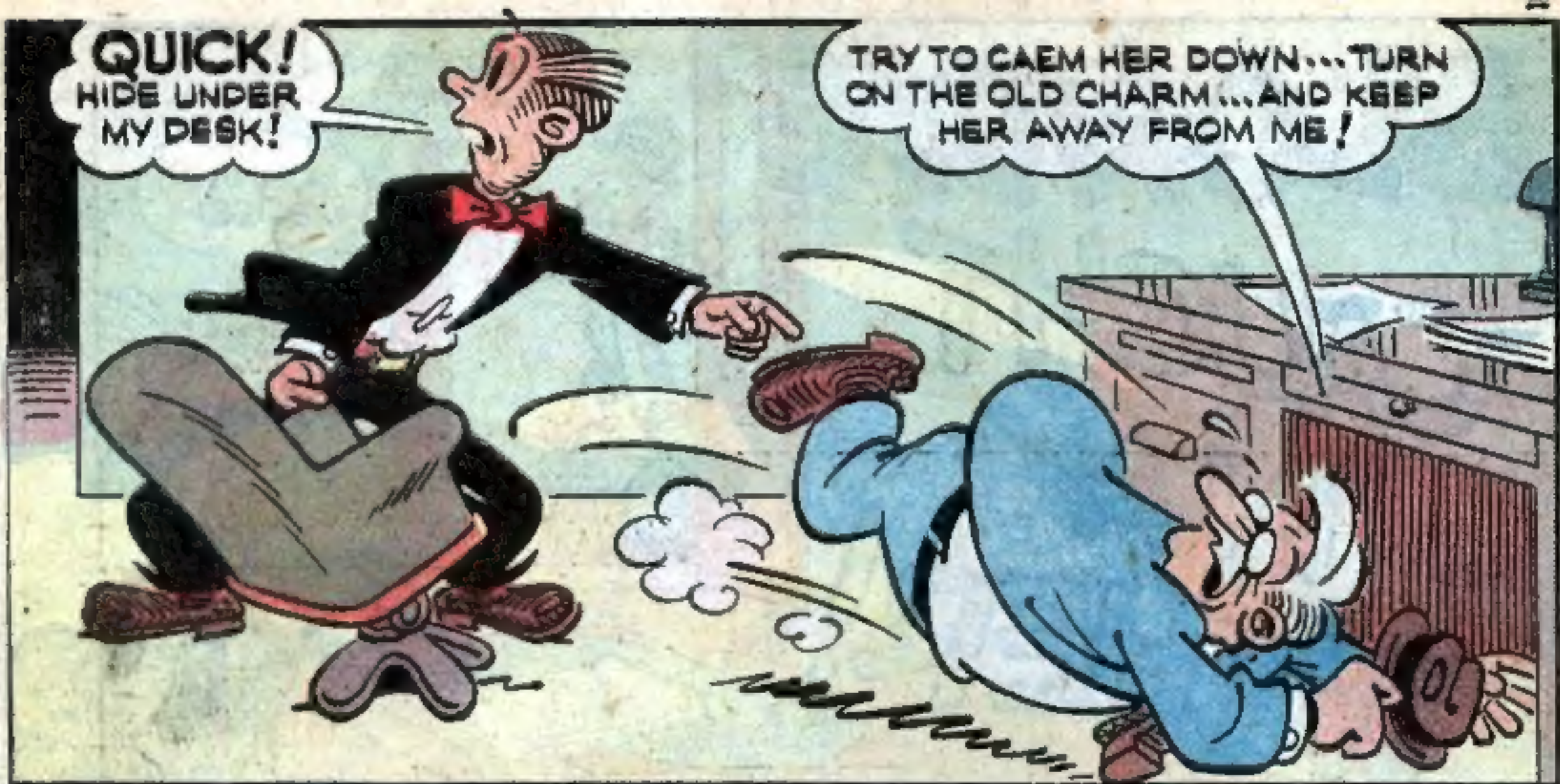
BLONDIE



00709

BLONDIE CAUGHT IN A DITCHER!





SURE...ONCE
I PLAYED
POKER AND
STAYED OUT
TILL FOUR
A.M.

AND I SUPPOSE
POOR LITTLE
BLONDIE WAS
SITTING UP
WORRYING
HER HEART
OUT!



WELL, IF I WERE BLONDIE,
THIS IS WHAT I WOULD
HAVE DONE!

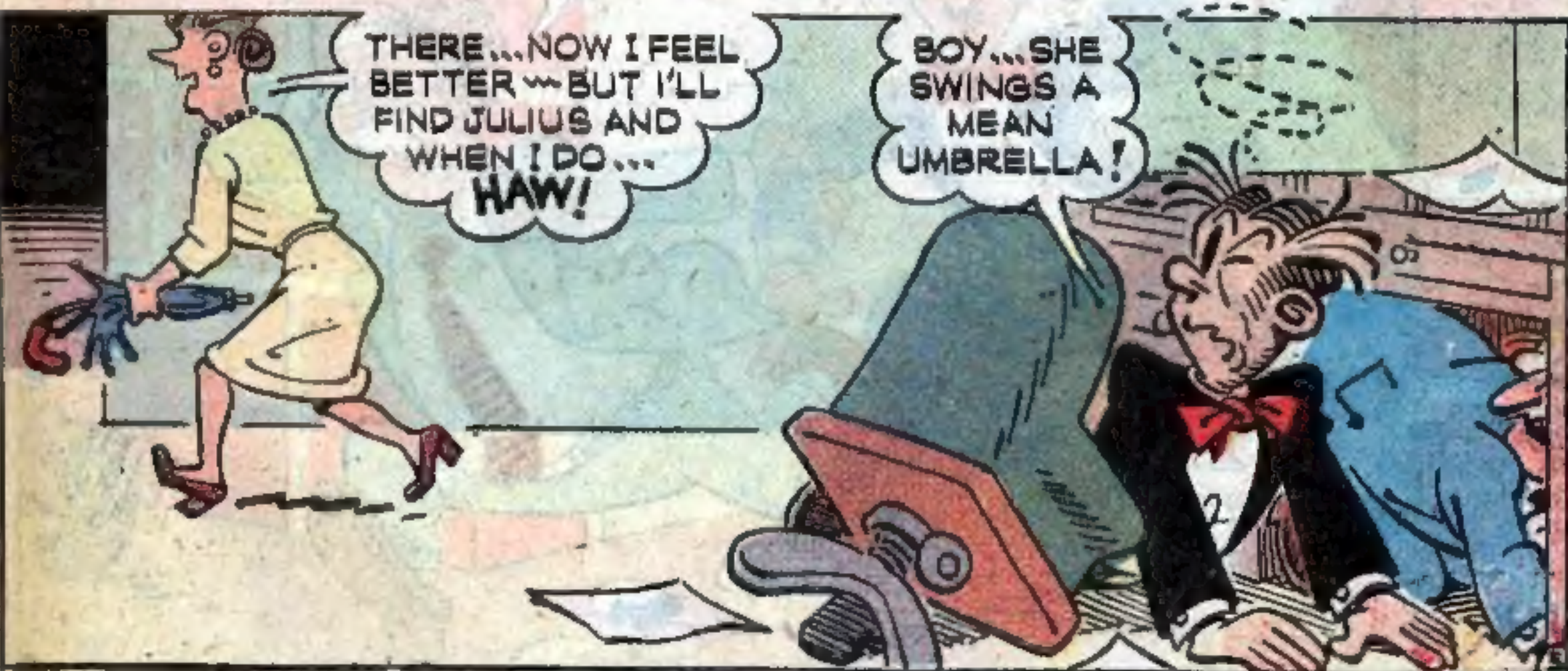


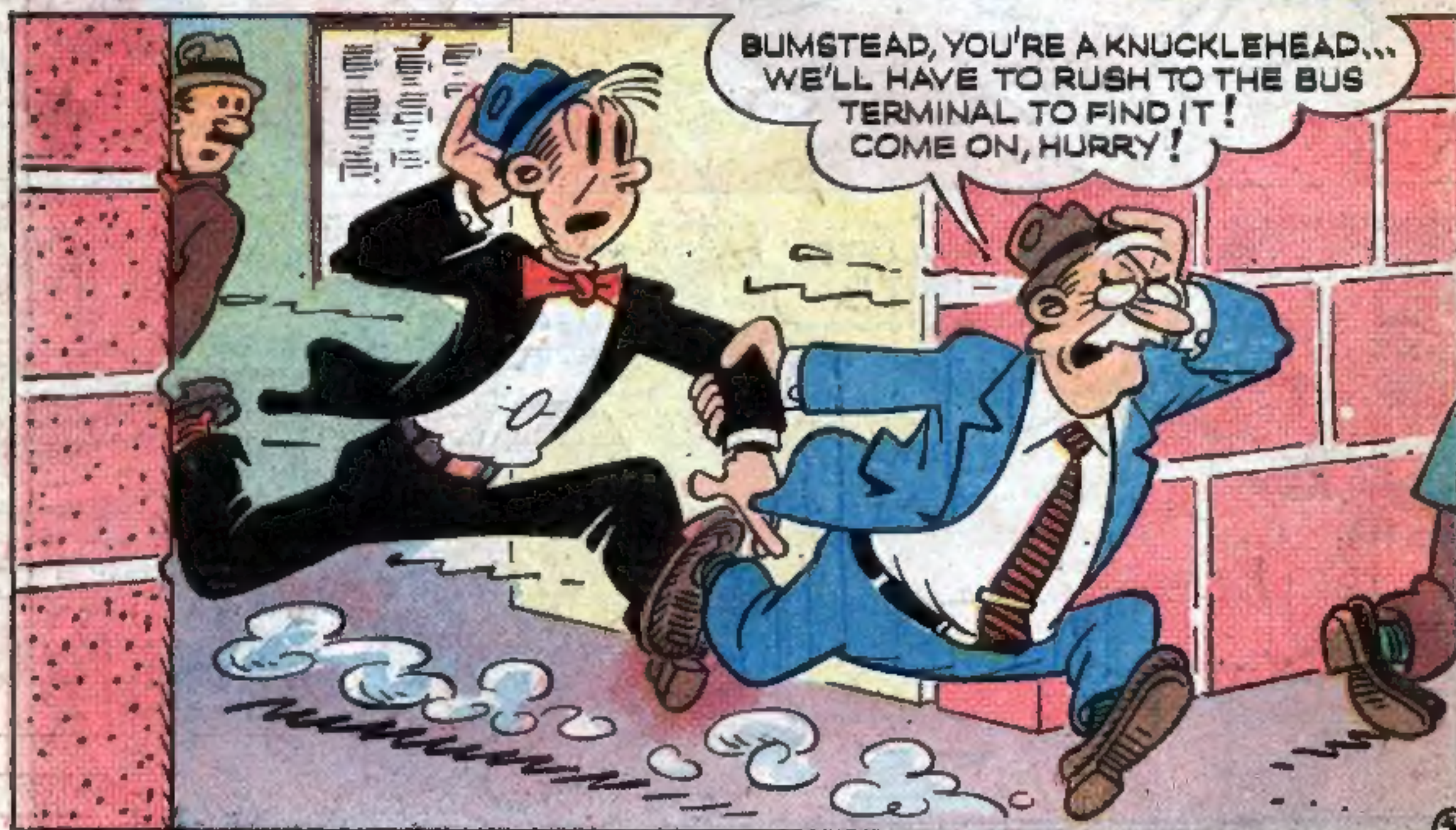
AND THIS...
AND THIS!



THERE...NOW I FEEL
BETTER ~ BUT I'LL
FIND JULIUS AND
WHEN I DO...
HAW!

BOY...SHE
SWINGS A
MEAN
UMBRELLA!









LOOK! MY BRIEF CASE! THE GOOD FAIRIES MUST HAVE RETURNED IT!

LADY LUCK SURE IS ON OUR SIDE TODAY! QUICK... GIVE ME THAT REPORT!



DAGWOOD, YOUR REPORT IS A MASTER-PIECE...YOU GET A NICE BIG RAISE FOR THIS!

BUT, BOSS, DID YOU FORGET? YOU FIRED ME!



I WON'T FIRE YOU, DEAR BOY...INSTEAD HOW ABOUT LETTING ME GIVE YOU A REAL GOOD PUNCH IN THE NOSE?

ER...WELL... ALL RIGHT



THAT'S FOR ALL THE TROUBLE YOU CAUSED ME!

OUCH!

SMACK!



THANK YOU AGAIN, DEAR BOY -- BY THE WAY... THIS IS A SPLENDID REPORT!

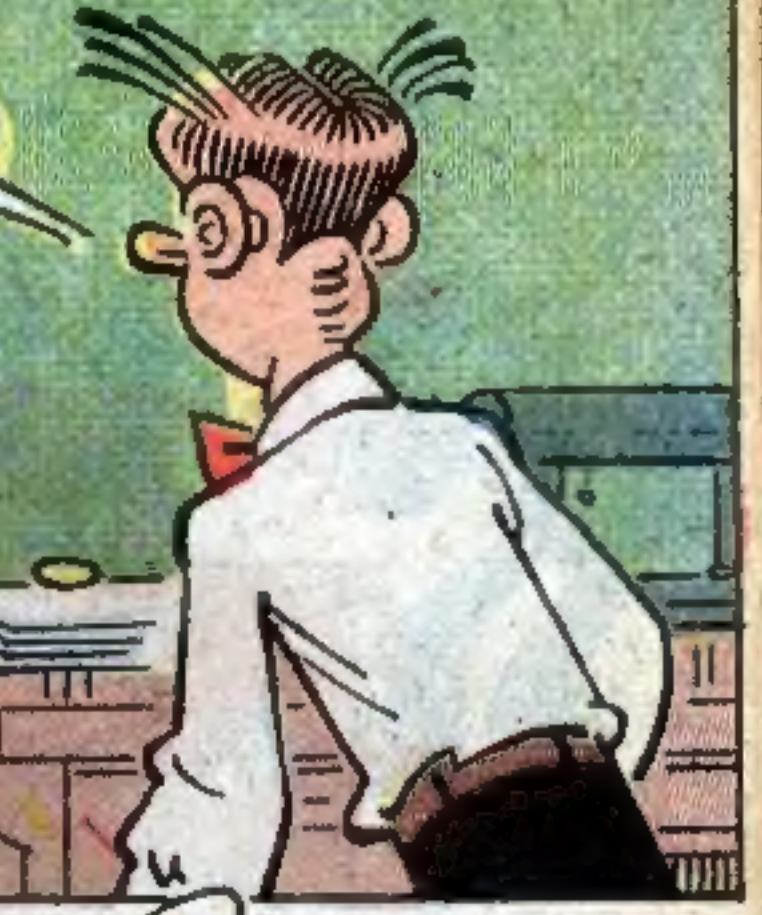
THANK YOU --AND YOU'RE WELCOME ...I THINK...

WELL, I DIDN'T GET THE RAISE... I GUESS I'M LUCKY TO GET MY JOB BACK!



DAGWOOD, MY WIFE IS BACK... HIDE ME... QUICK!

OH?



ALL RIGHT, WHERE IS HE?

I CANNOT TELL A LIE, MRS. DITHERS... HE'S HIDING UNDER MY DESK!



I HAVE YOU AT LAST... WORM!

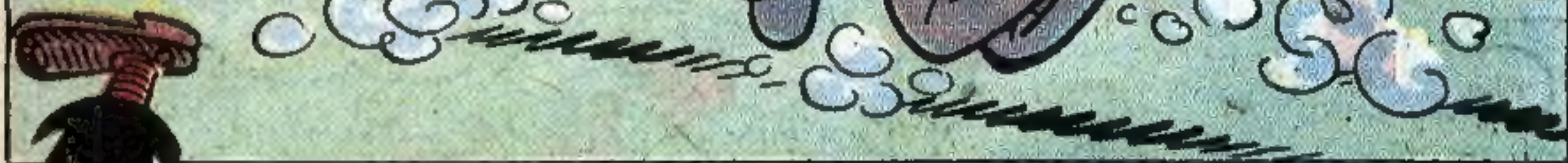


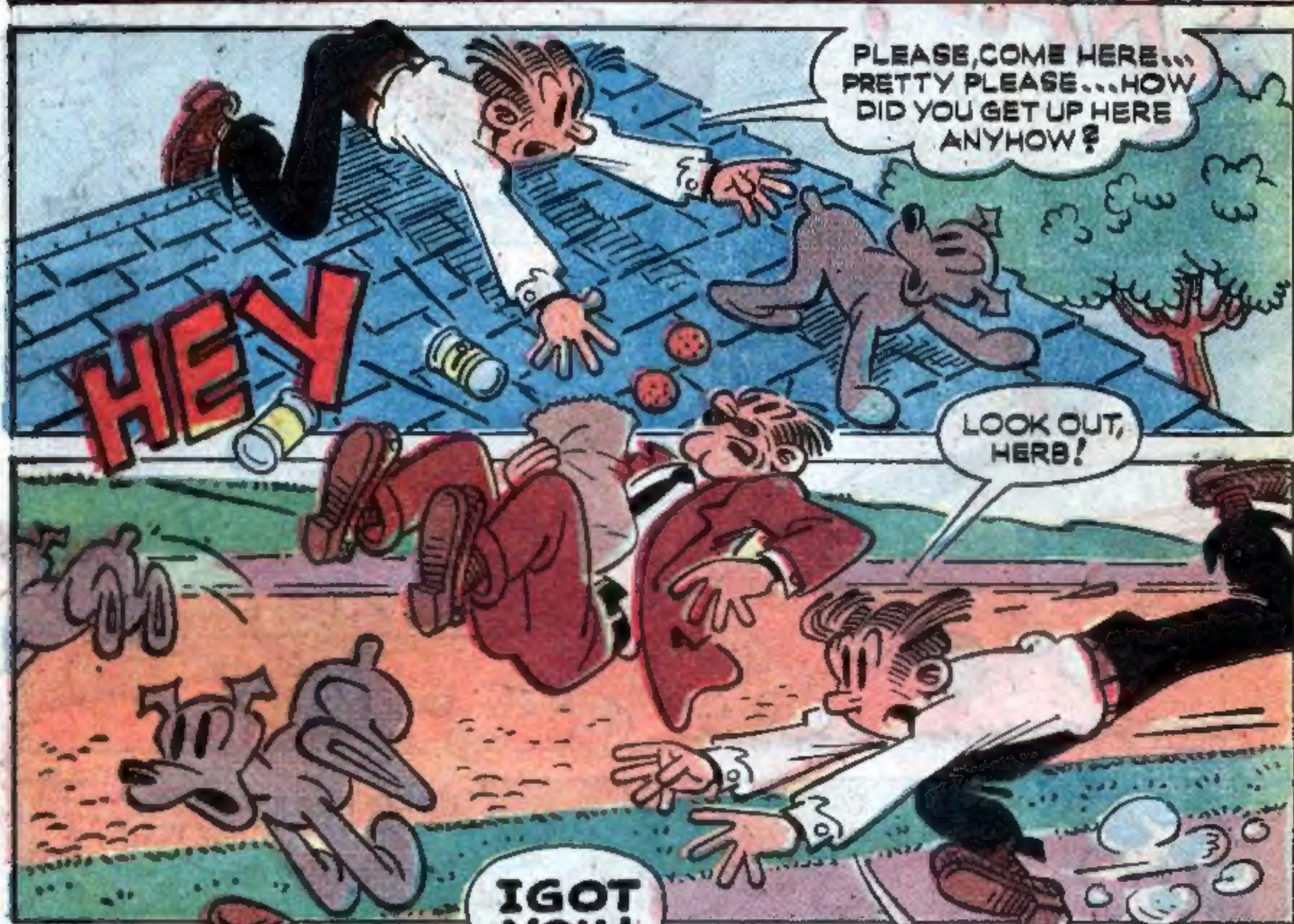
NOW I WANT YOU TO GIVE DAGWOOD A NICE BIG RAISE FOR TELLING ME WHERE YOU WERE!

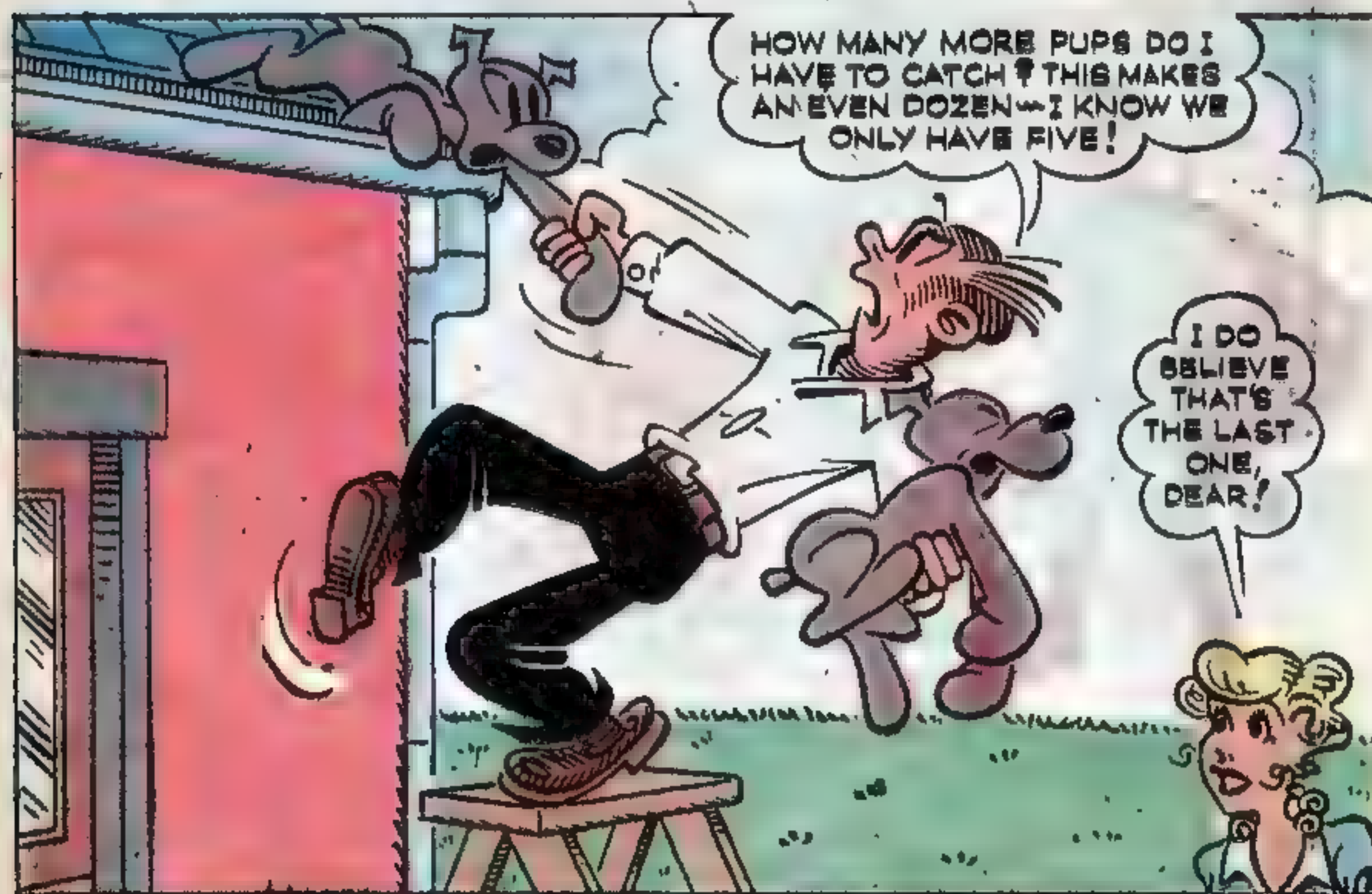
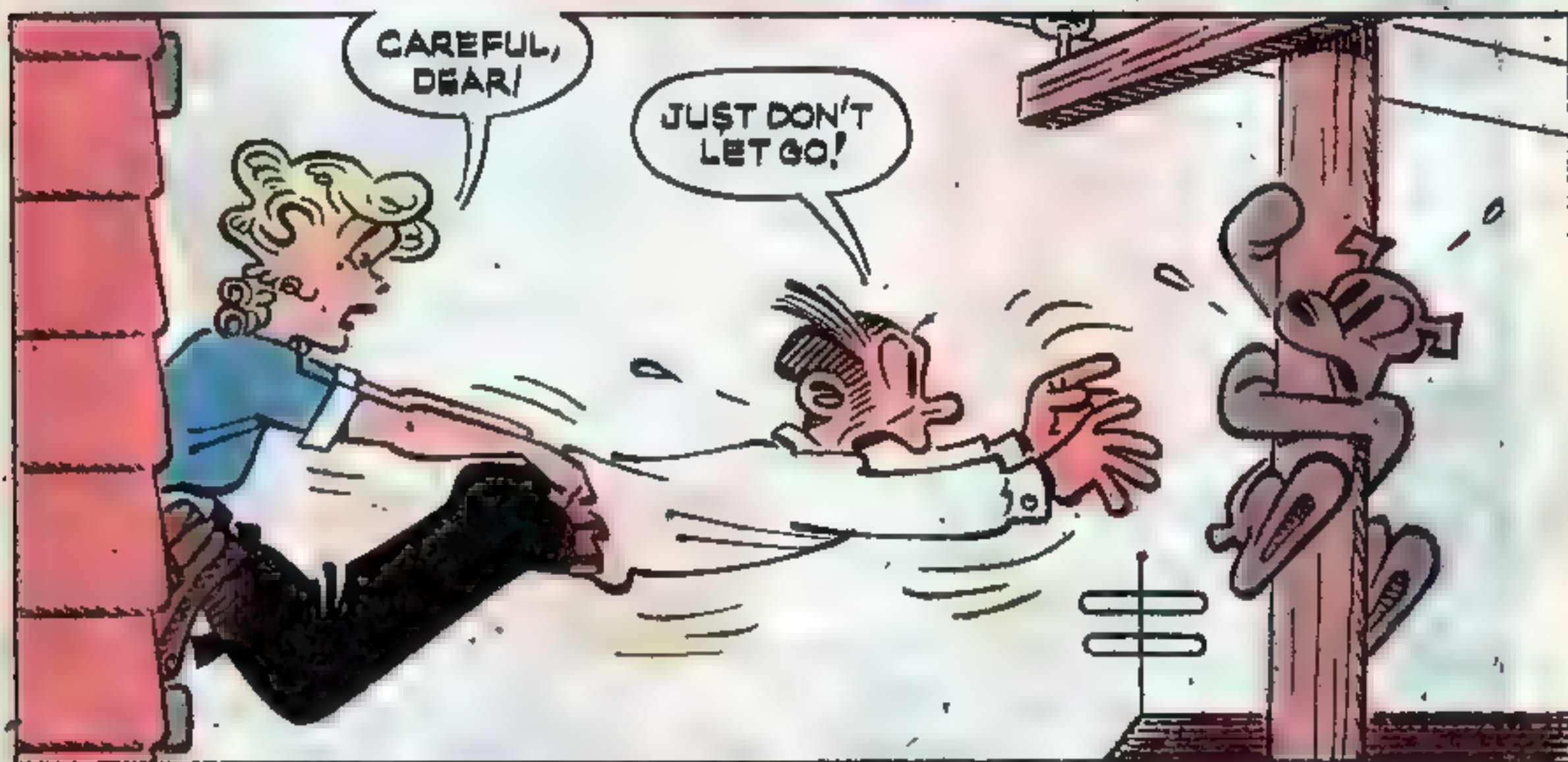
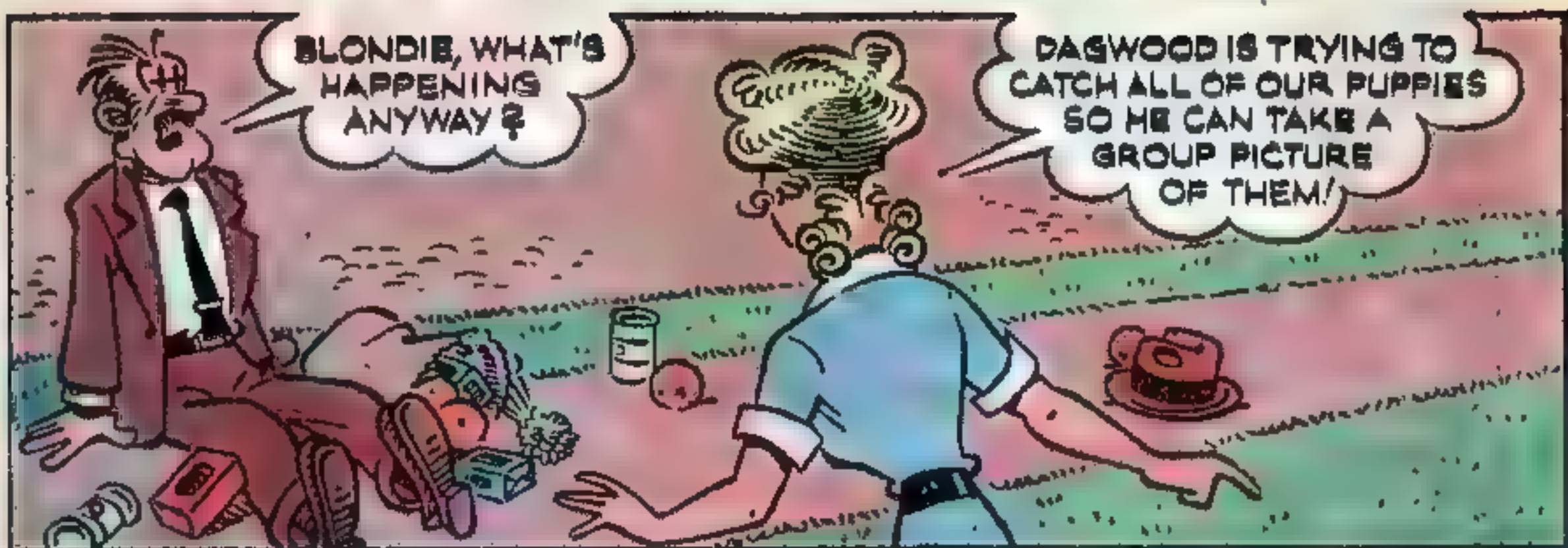
The End

BLONDIE.

**IT'S
A
SNAP!**



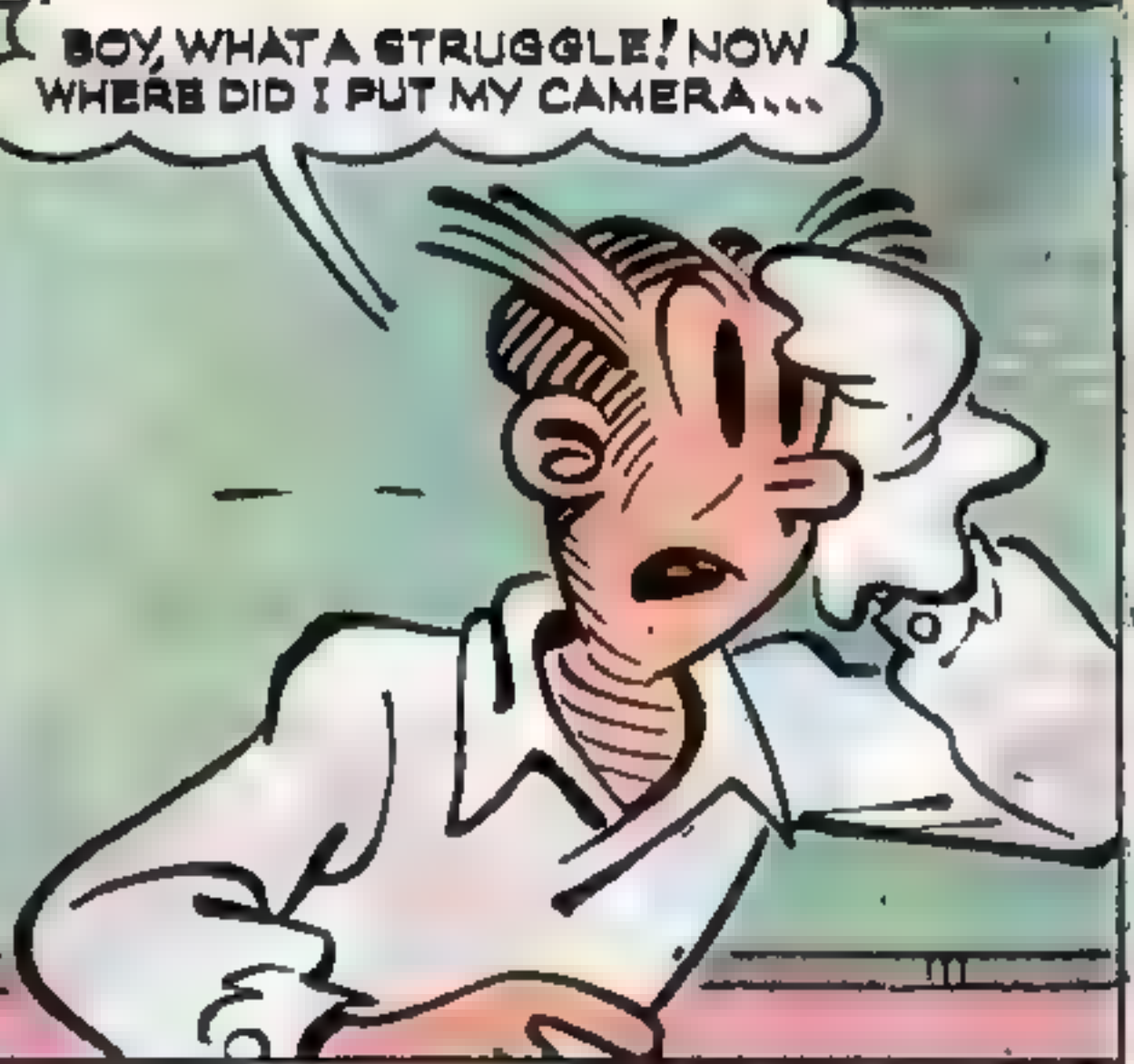




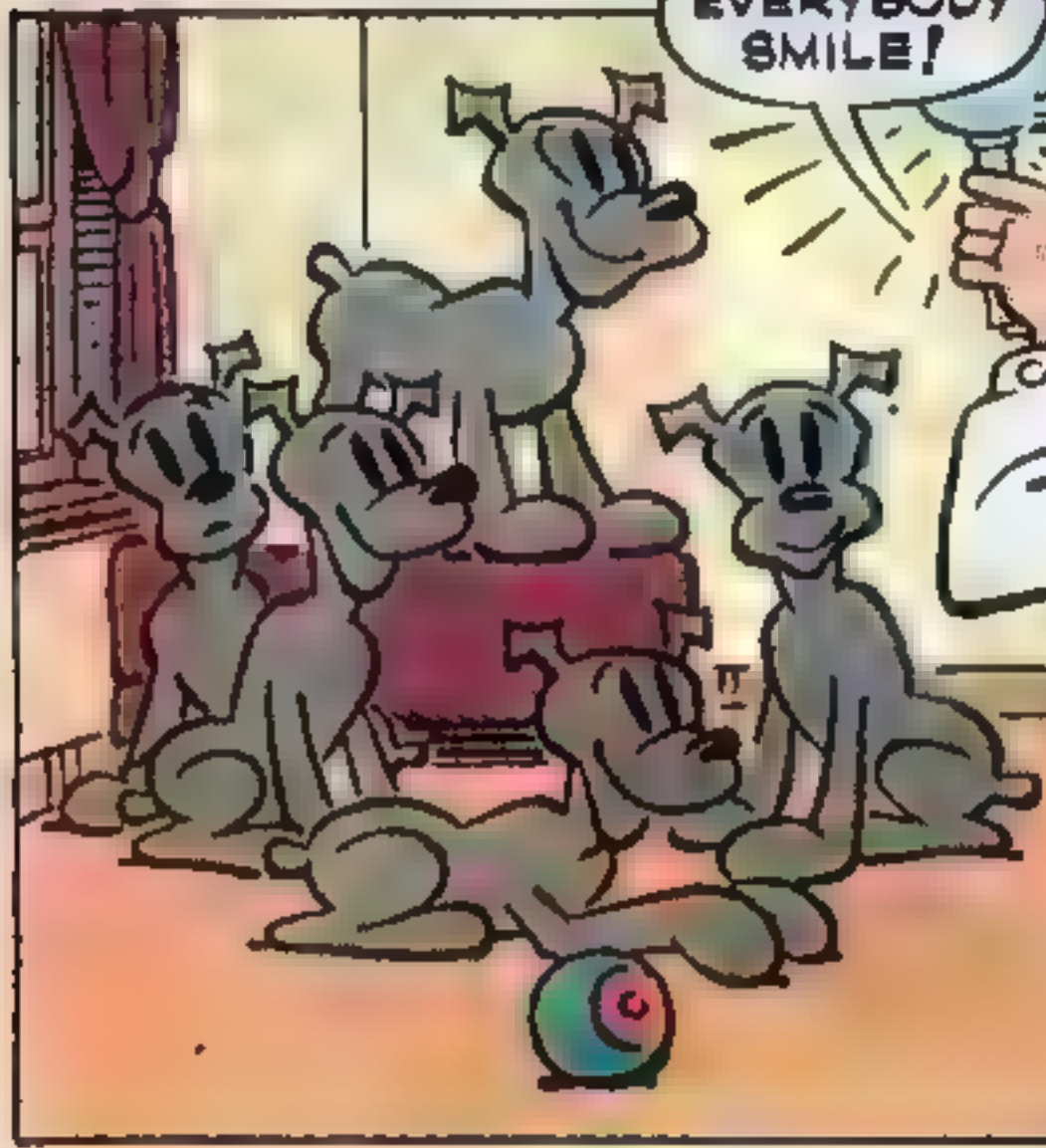
IT WAS AN EFFORT,
BUT WE FINALLY
HAVE THEM ALL
TOGETHER IN THE
HOUSE!



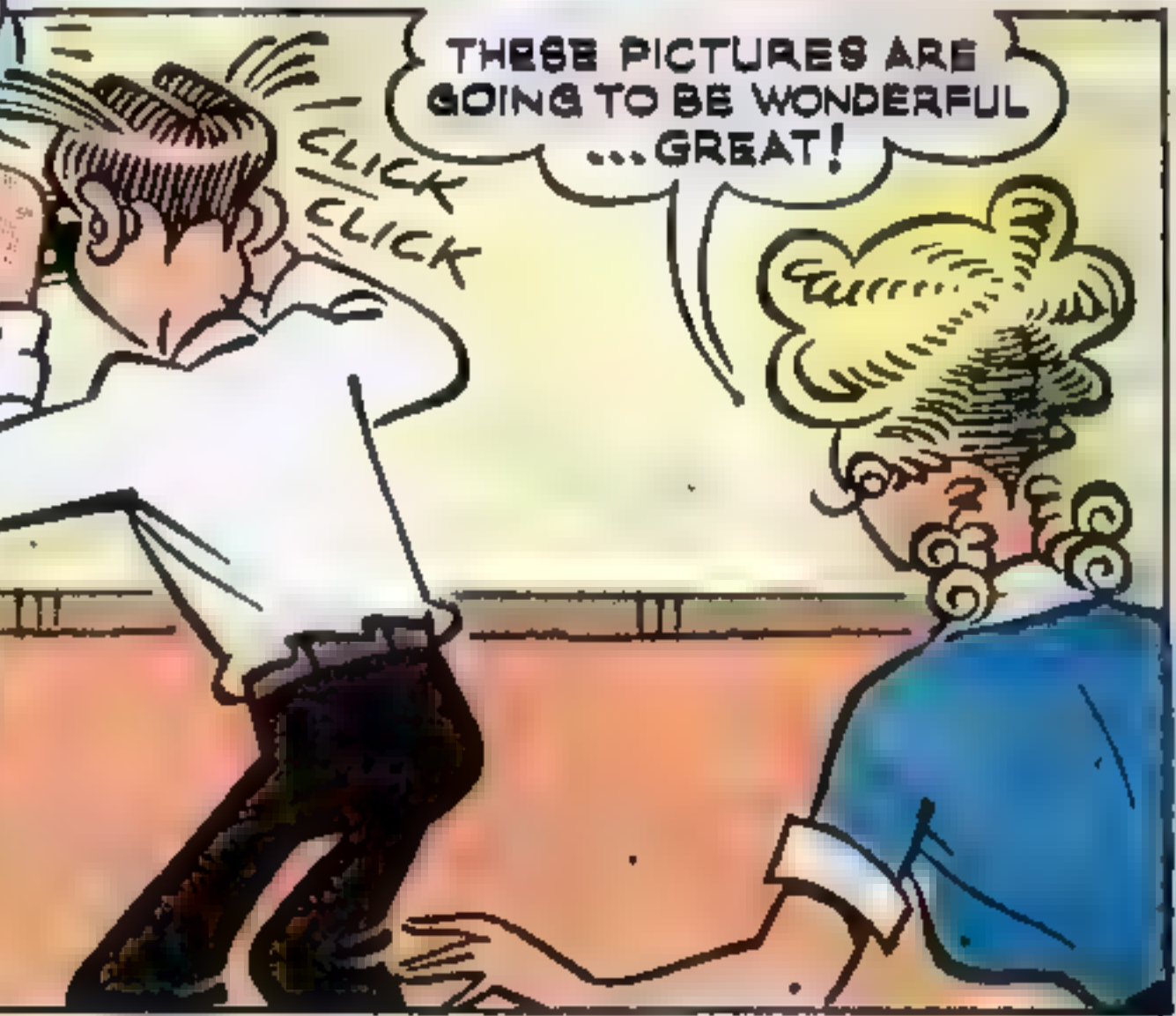
BOY, WHAT A STRUGGLE! NOW
WHERE DID I PUT MY CAMERA...



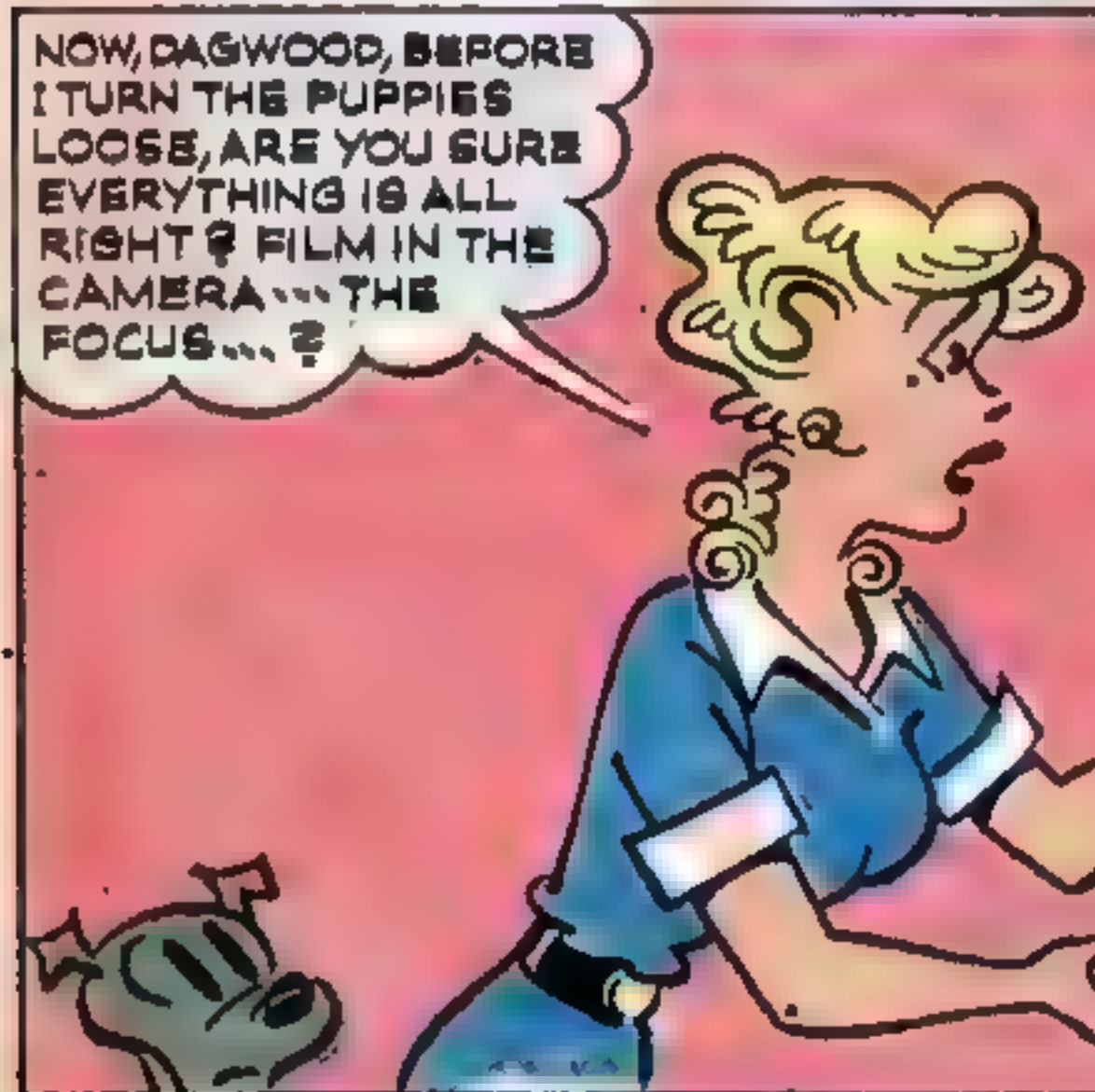
EVERYBODY
SMILE!



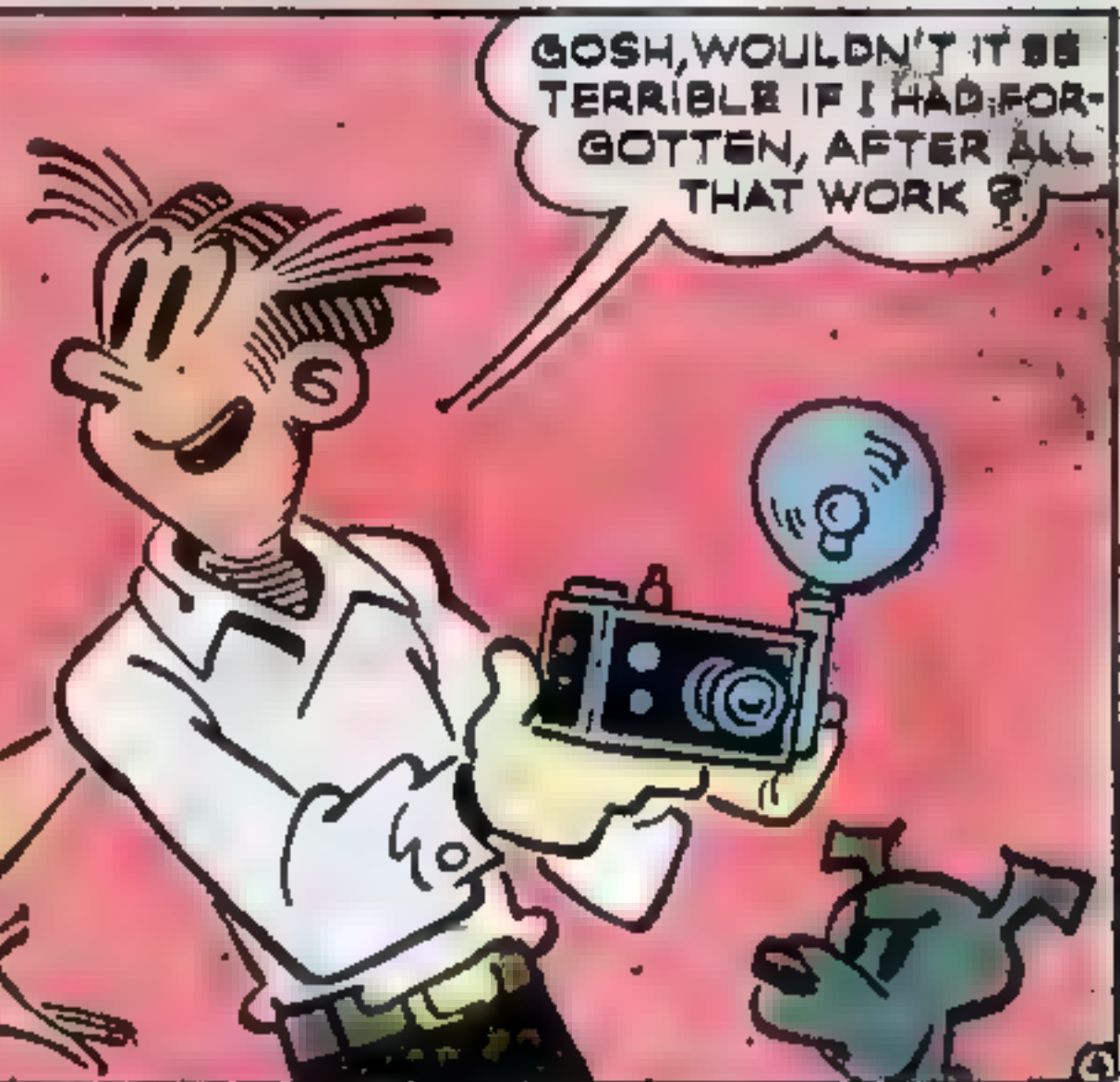
THESE PICTURES ARE
GOING TO BE WONDERFUL
... GREAT!

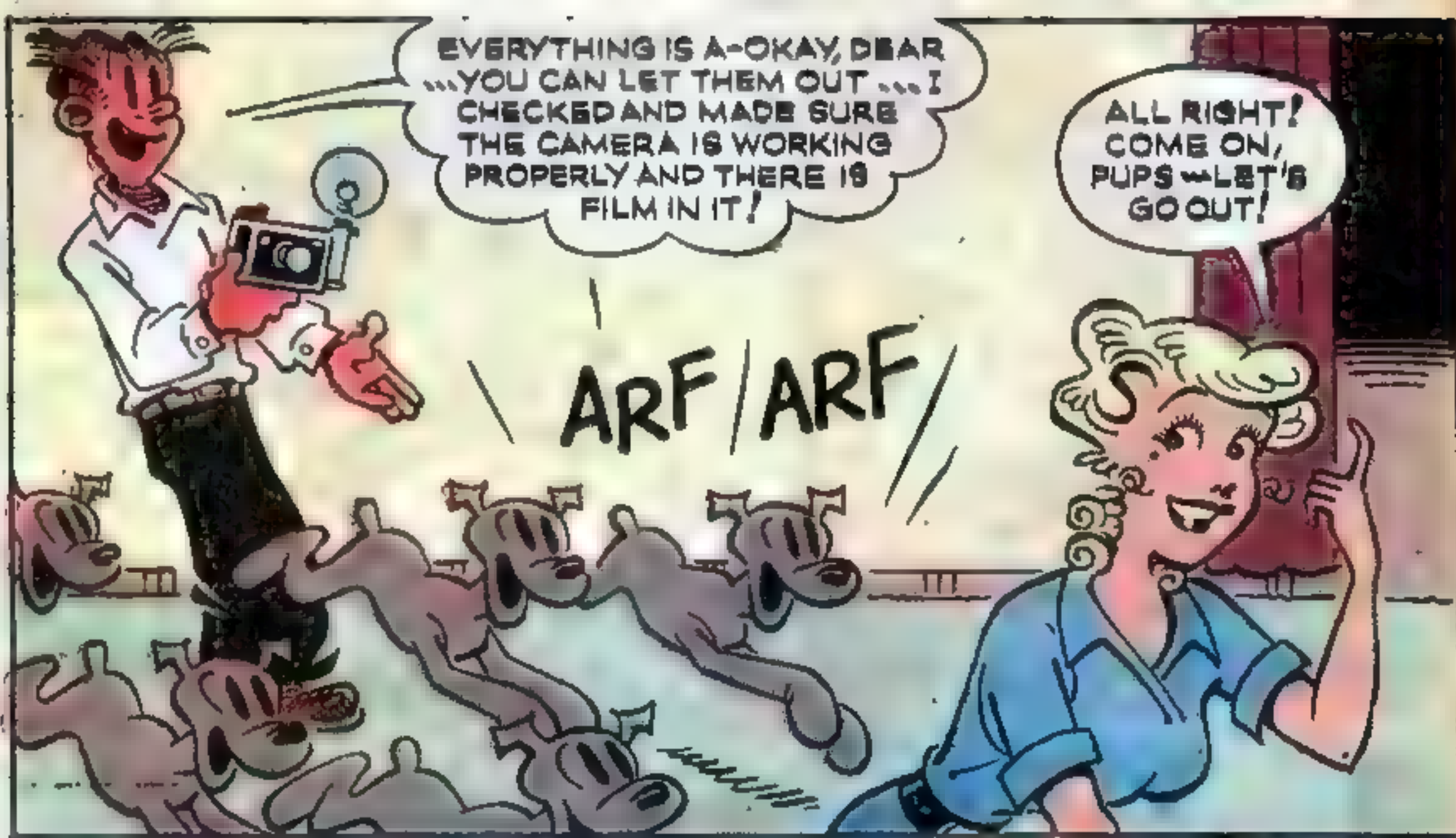


NOW, DAGWOOD, BEFORE
I TURN THE PUPPIES
LOOSE, ARE YOU SURE
EVERYTHING IS ALL
RIGHT? FILM IN THE
CAMERA... THE
FOCUS...?



GOSH, WOULDN'T IT BE
TERRIBLE IF I HAD FOR-
GOTTEN, AFTER ALL
THAT WORK?

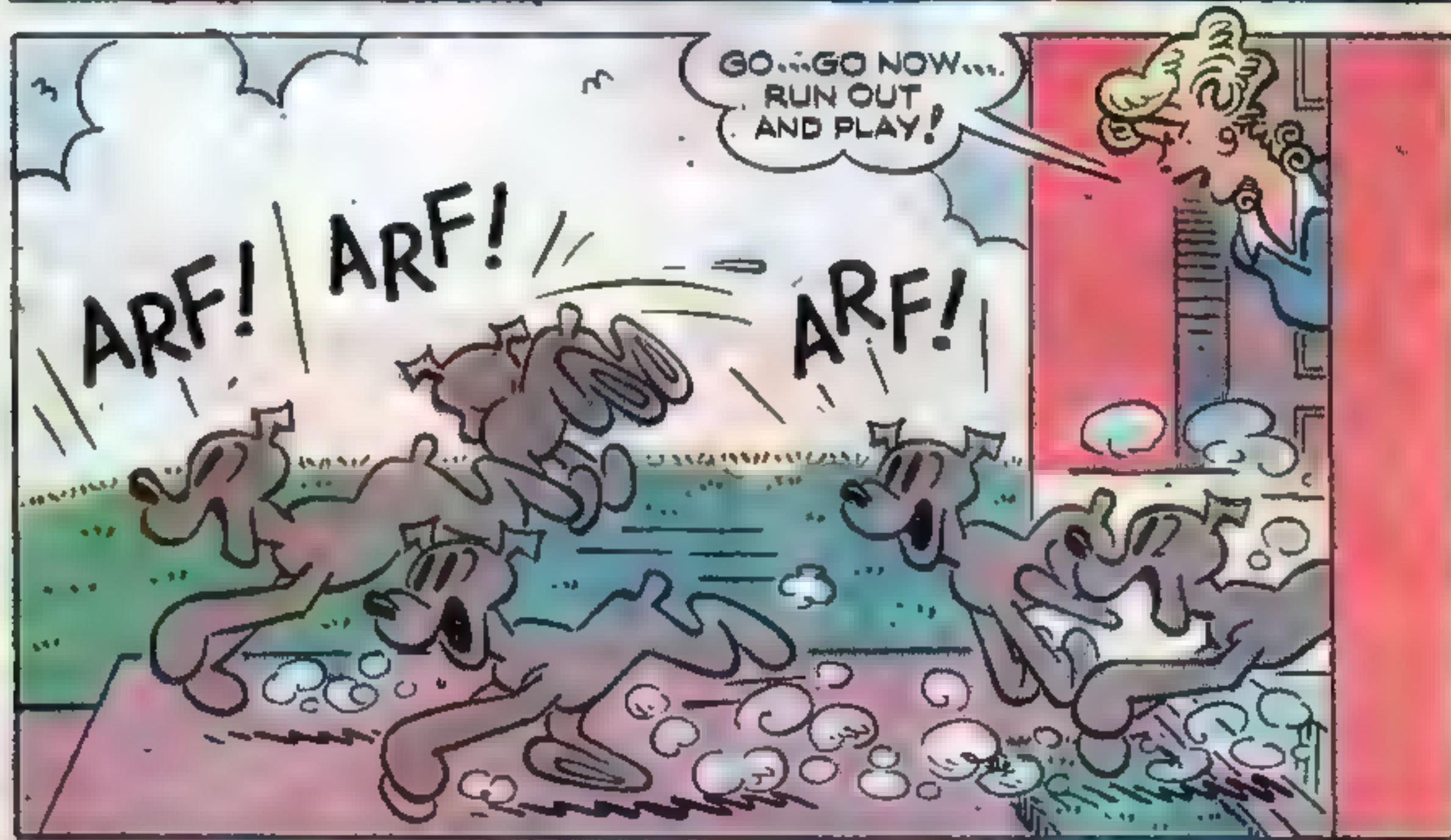




EVERYTHING IS A-OKAY, DEAR
...YOU CAN LET THEM OUT... I
CHECKED AND MADE SURE
THE CAMERA IS WORKING
PROPERLY AND THERE IS
FILM IN IT!

ALL RIGHT!
COME ON,
PUPS - LET'S
GO OUT!

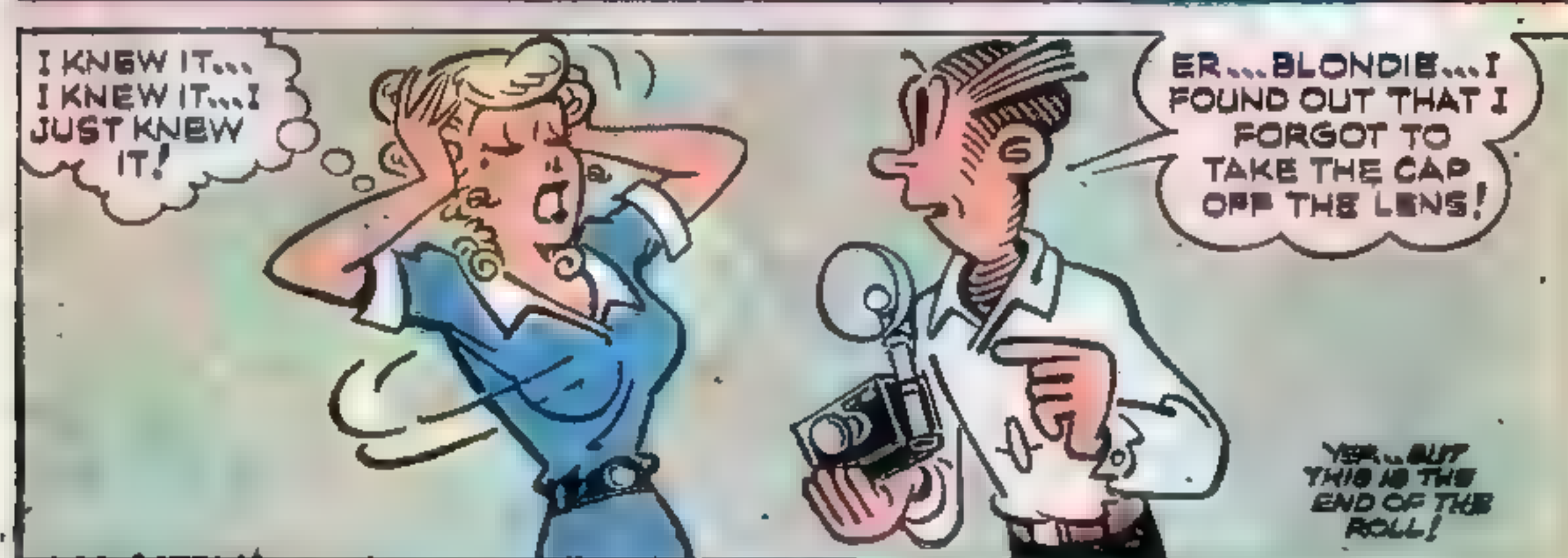
ARF / ARF



GO... GO NOW...
RUN OUT
AND PLAY!

ARF! ARF!

ARF!



I KNEW IT...
I KNEW IT... I
JUST KNEW
IT!

ER... BLONDIE... I
FOUND OUT THAT I
FORGOT TO
TAKE THE CAP
OFF THE LENS!

YEA... BUT
THIS IS THE
END OF THE
ROLL!

BLONDIE MR. FIX IT!

HERB, MY CLOTHES WASHING MACHINE IS BROKEN... WILL YOU LOOK AT IT AND REPAIR IT FOR ME?

WELL, I'LL LOOK AT IT BUT I DON'T THINK I CAN REPAIR IT!



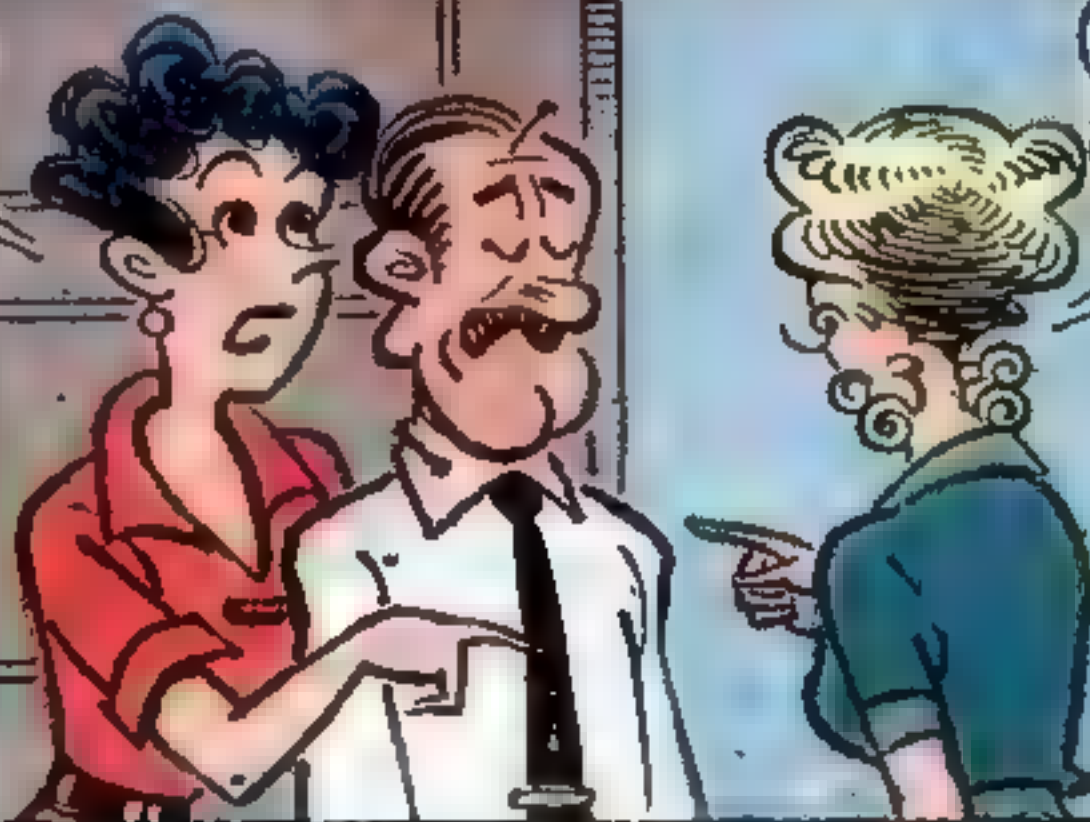
NOPE! I DON'T KNOW A THING ABOUT THIS MACHINE--AND I WOULDN'T KNOW WHERE TO BEGIN--BETTER CALL A REPAIRMAN

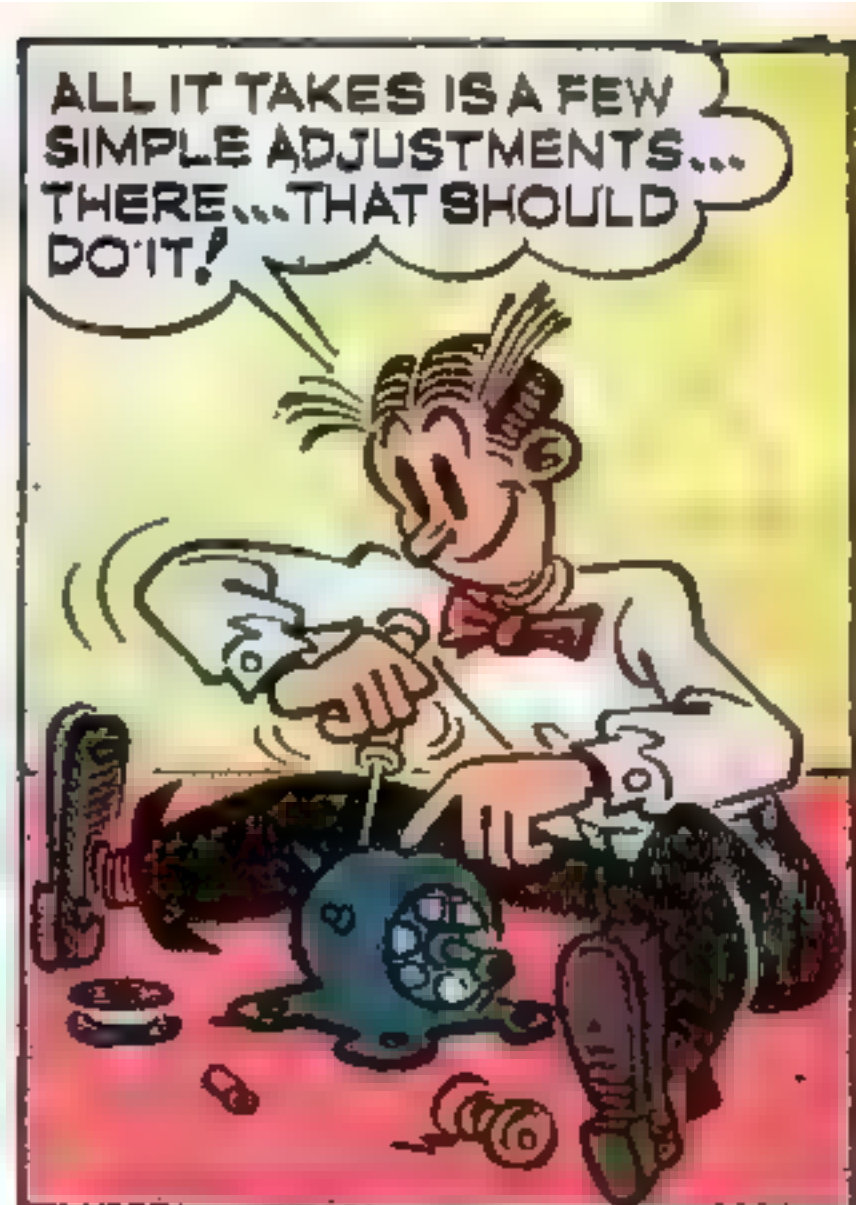
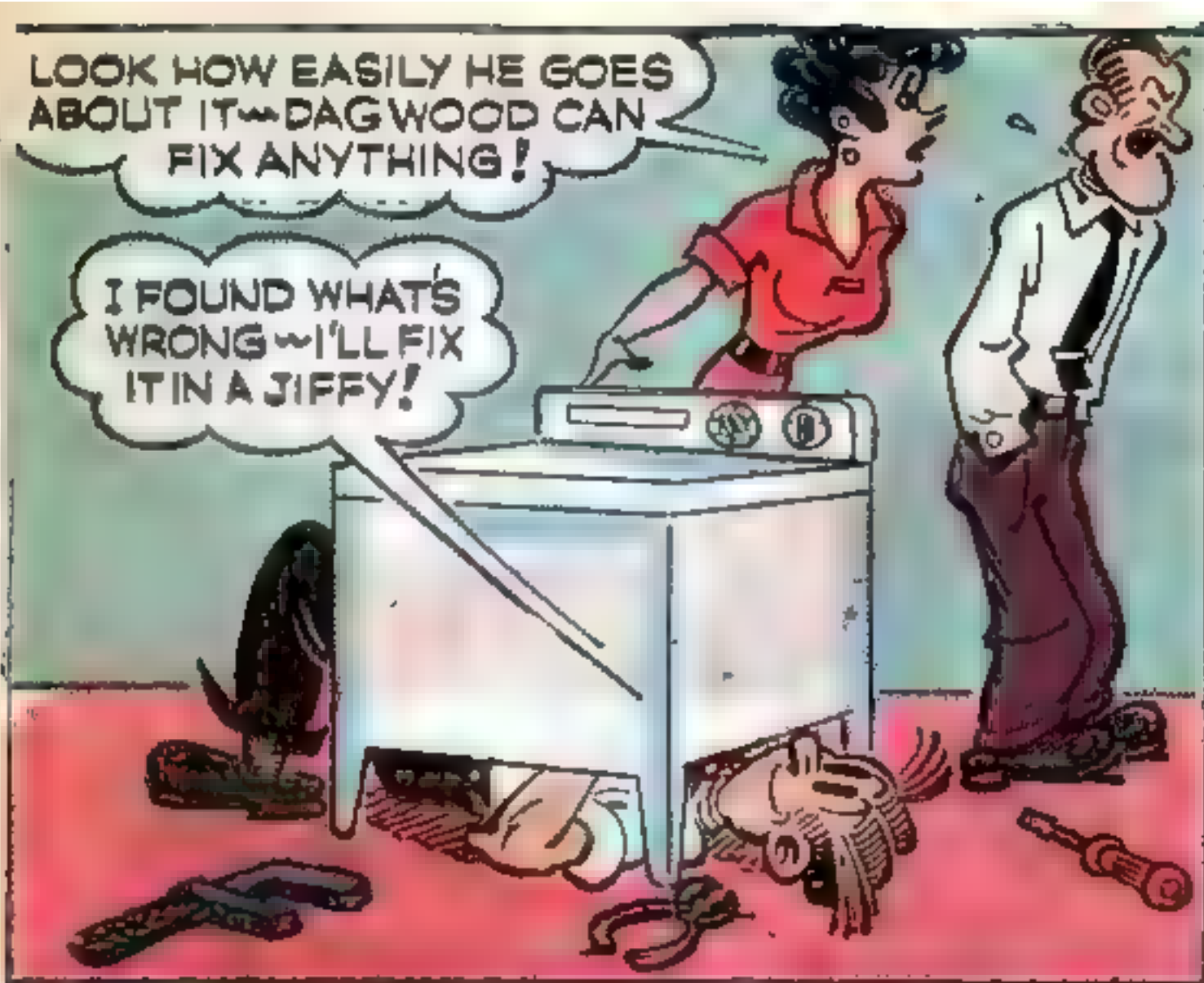
HOW DID I EVER GET SUCH A USELESS HUSBAND? I'LL ASK BLONDIE FOR SOME HELP!

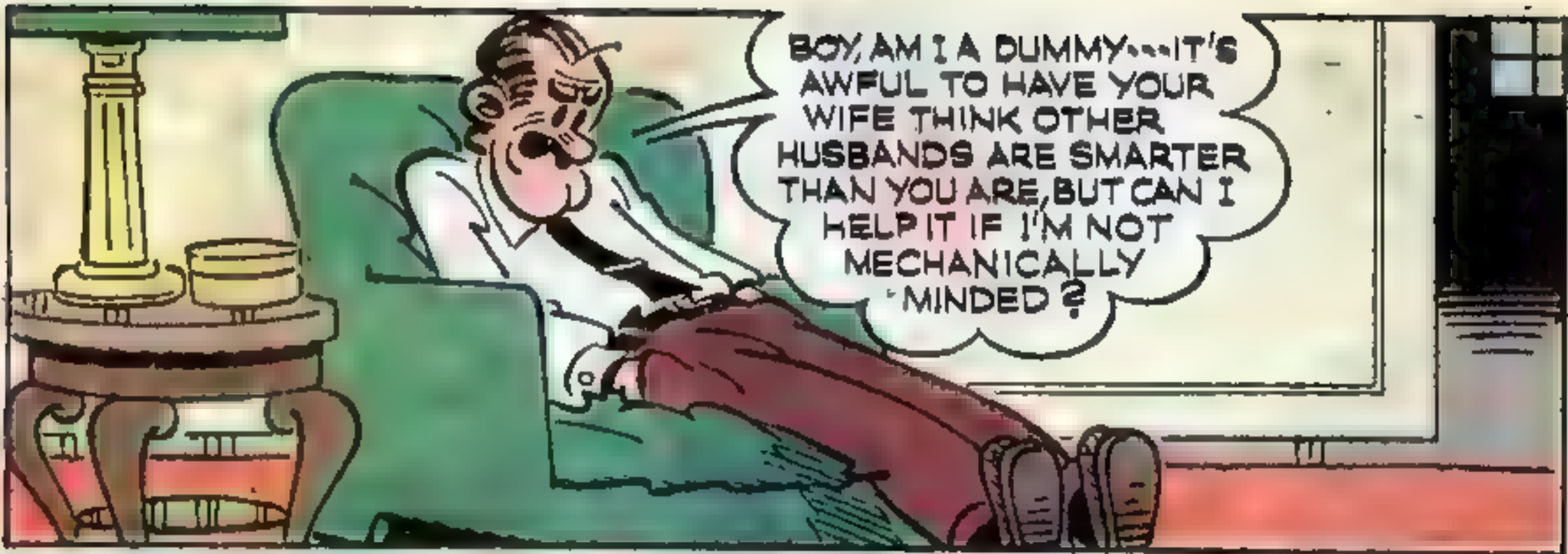


BLONDIE, MY WASHING MACHINE IS BROKEN AND MR. BUTTERFINGERS IS TOO DUMB TO EVEN TRY TO FIX IT!

WELL, DAGWOOD, CAN REPAIR ANYTHING... I'LL SEND HIM OVER!







BOY, AM I A DUMMY...IT'S AWFUL TO HAVE YOUR WIFE THINK OTHER HUSBANDS ARE SMARTER THAN YOU ARE, BUT CAN I HELP IT IF I'M NOT MECHANICALLY MINDED?

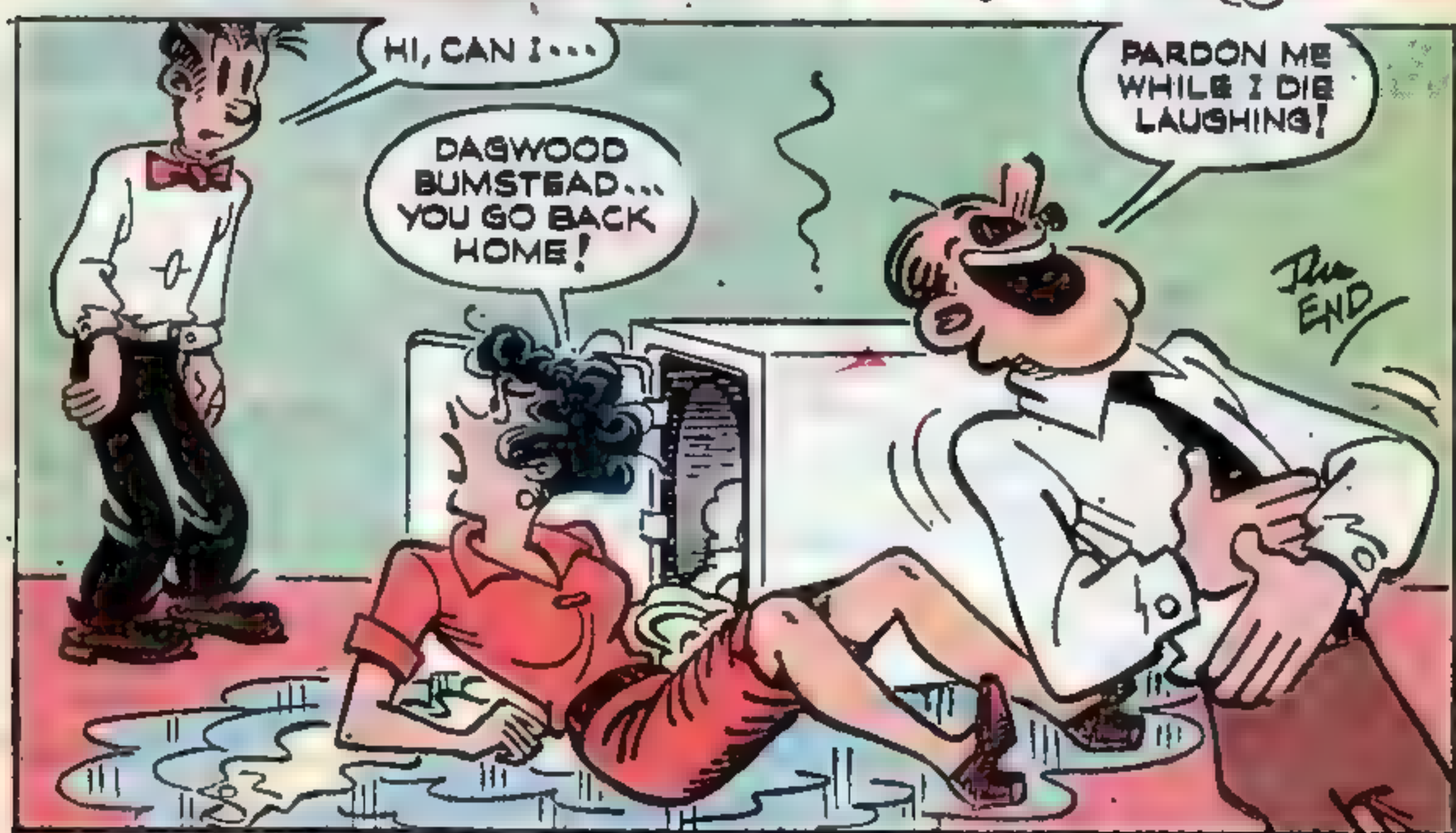
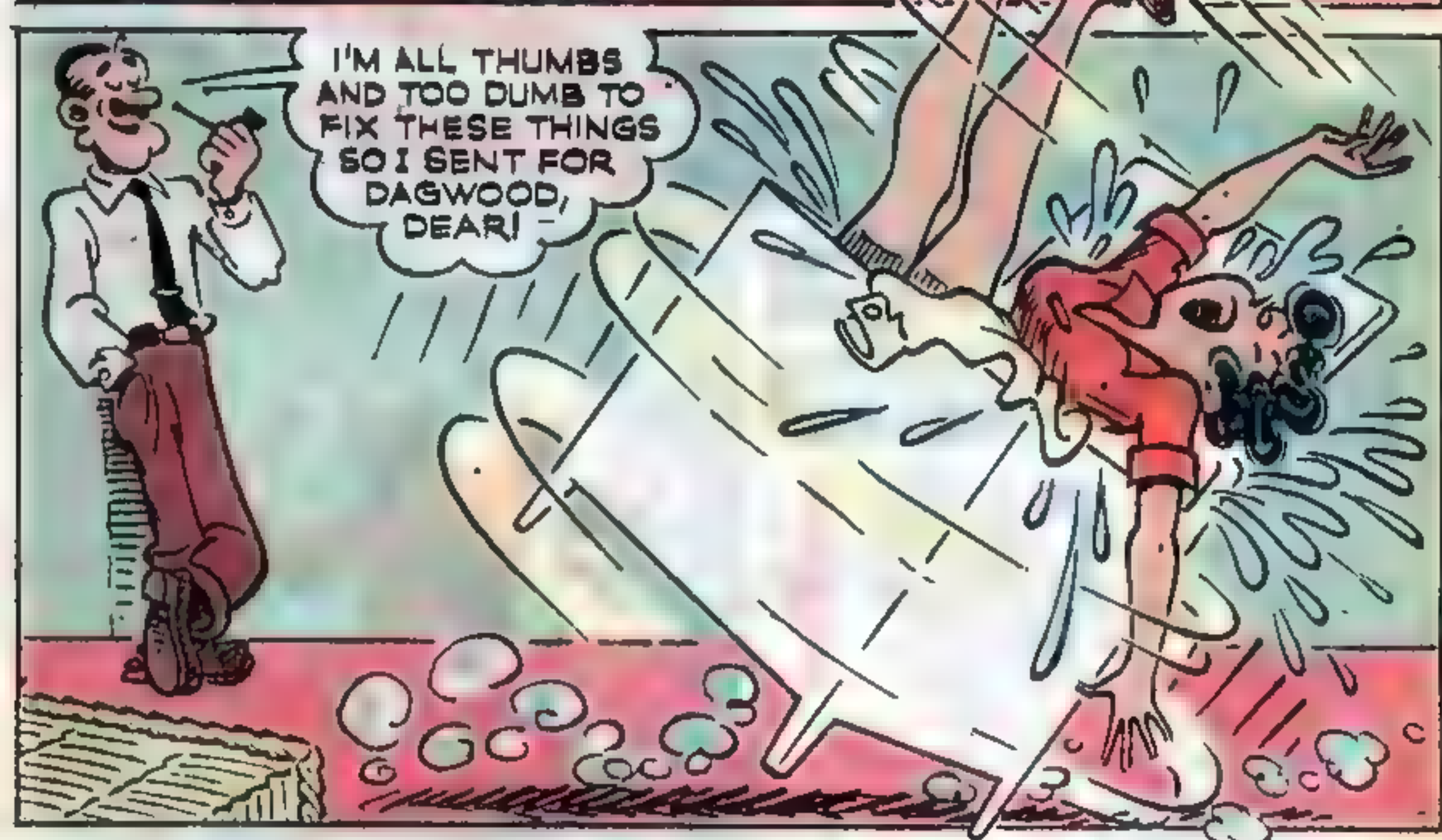
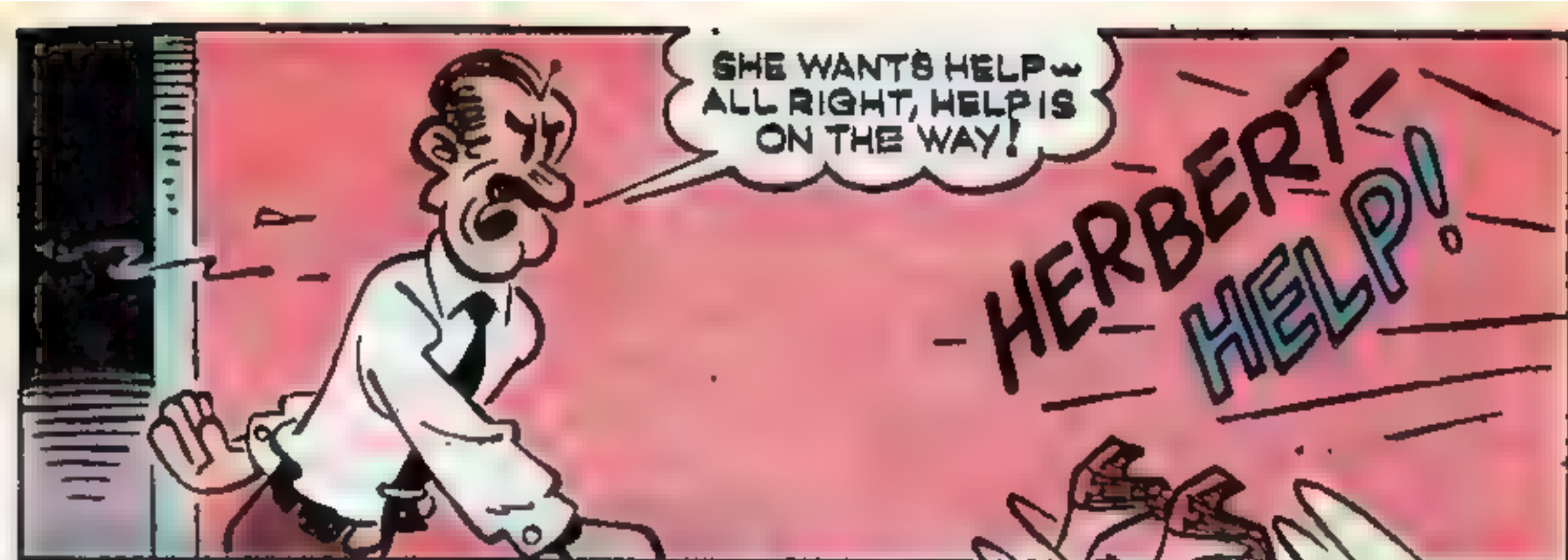


HERBERT... COME QUICK... THE MACHINE ISN'T WORKING RIGHT... SOMETHING IS WRONG! HERB...HELP!!! MY DRESS IS CAUGHT IN IT!!



HERBERT... HELP!

HERBERT!

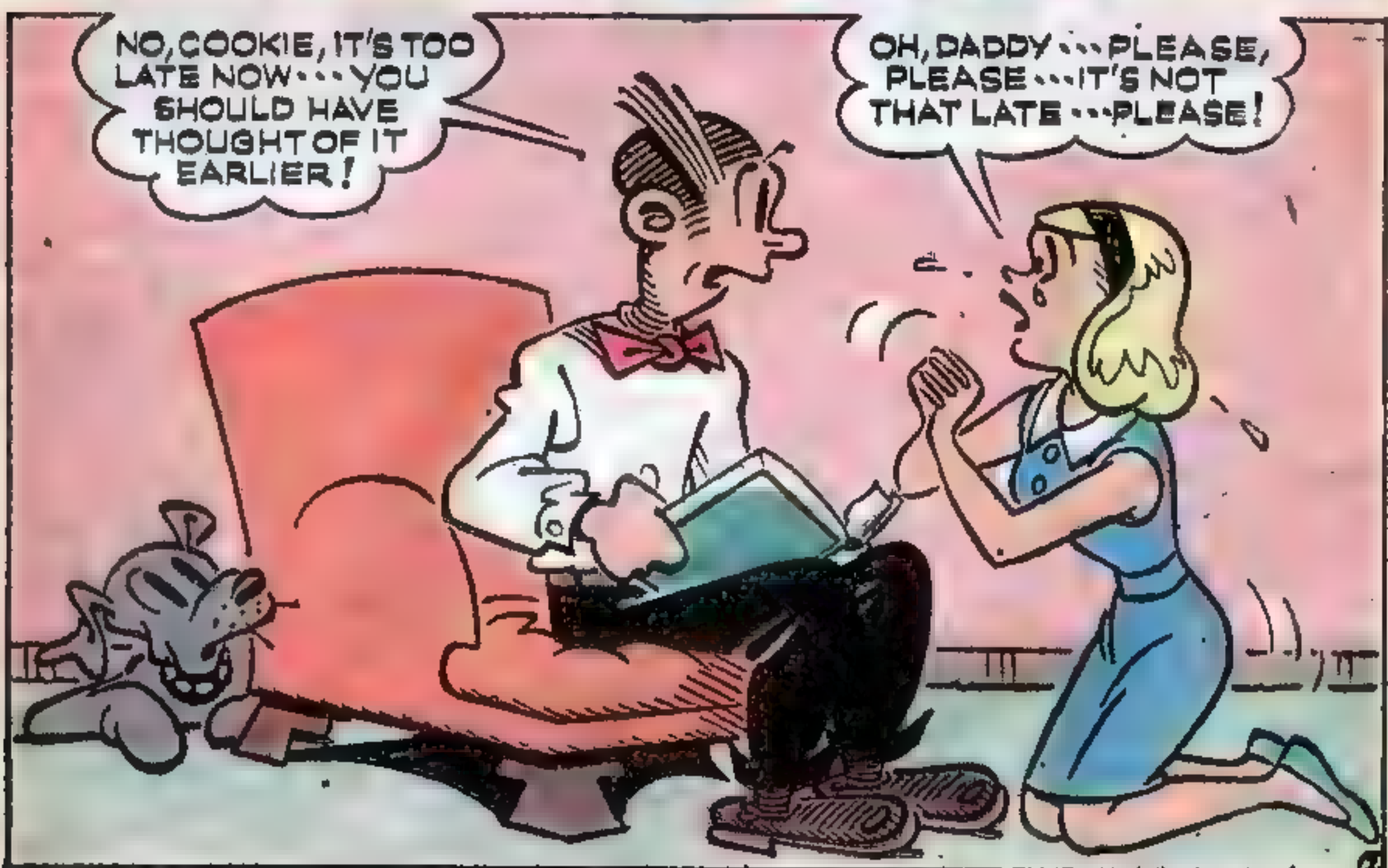
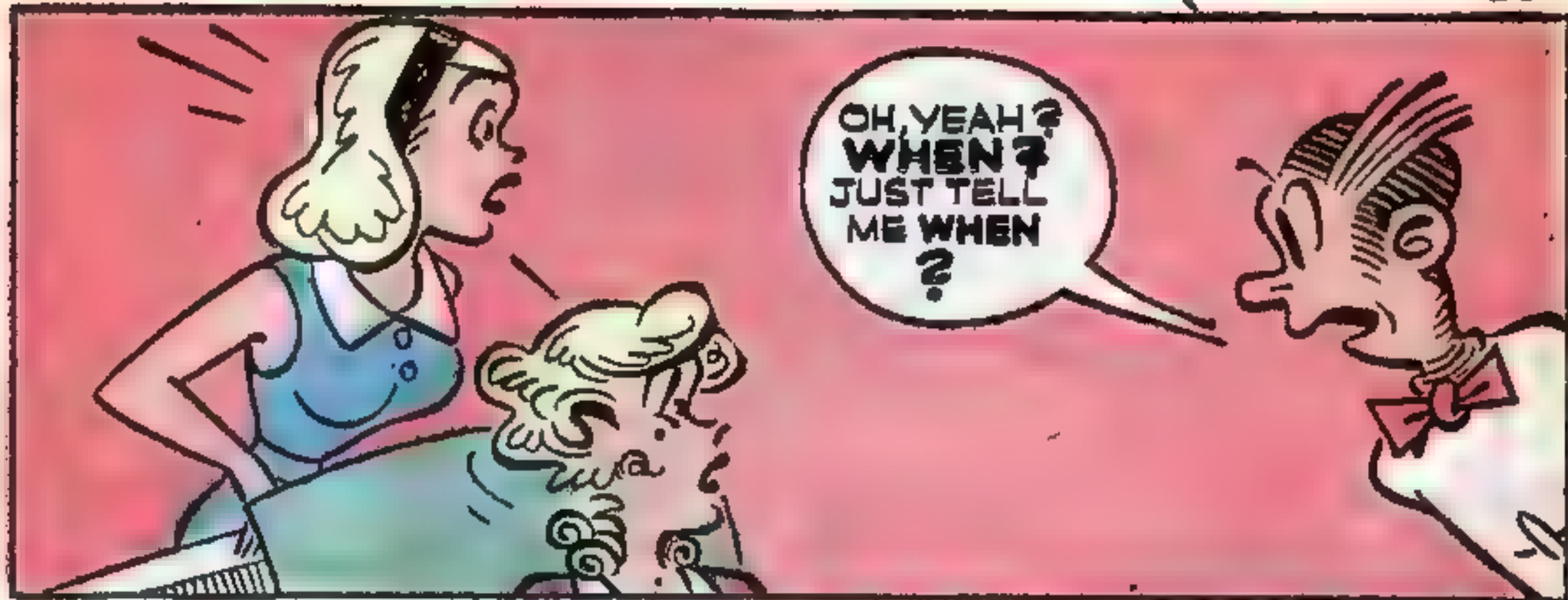


BLONDIE

IN

LOSING YOUR COOL!

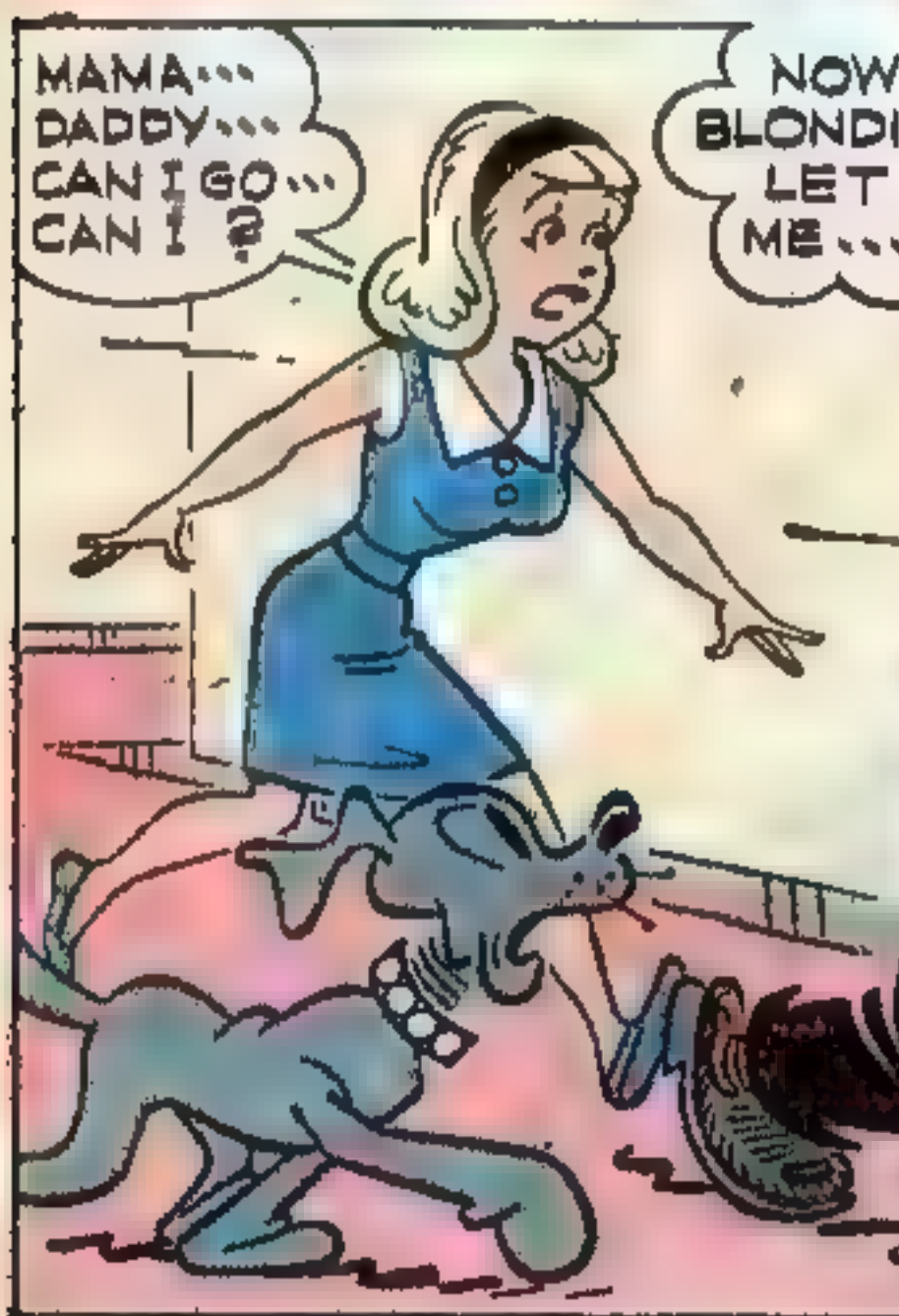
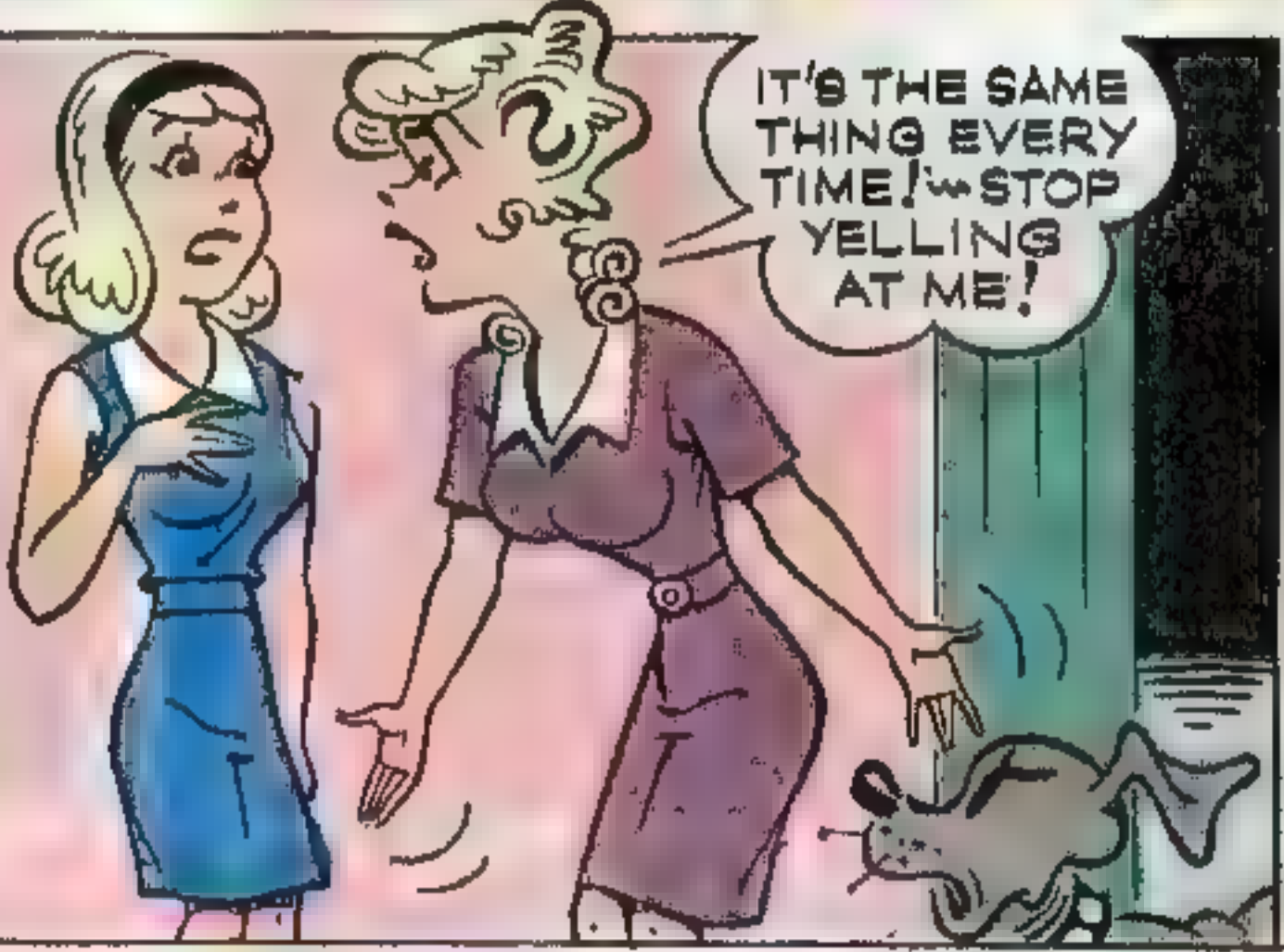
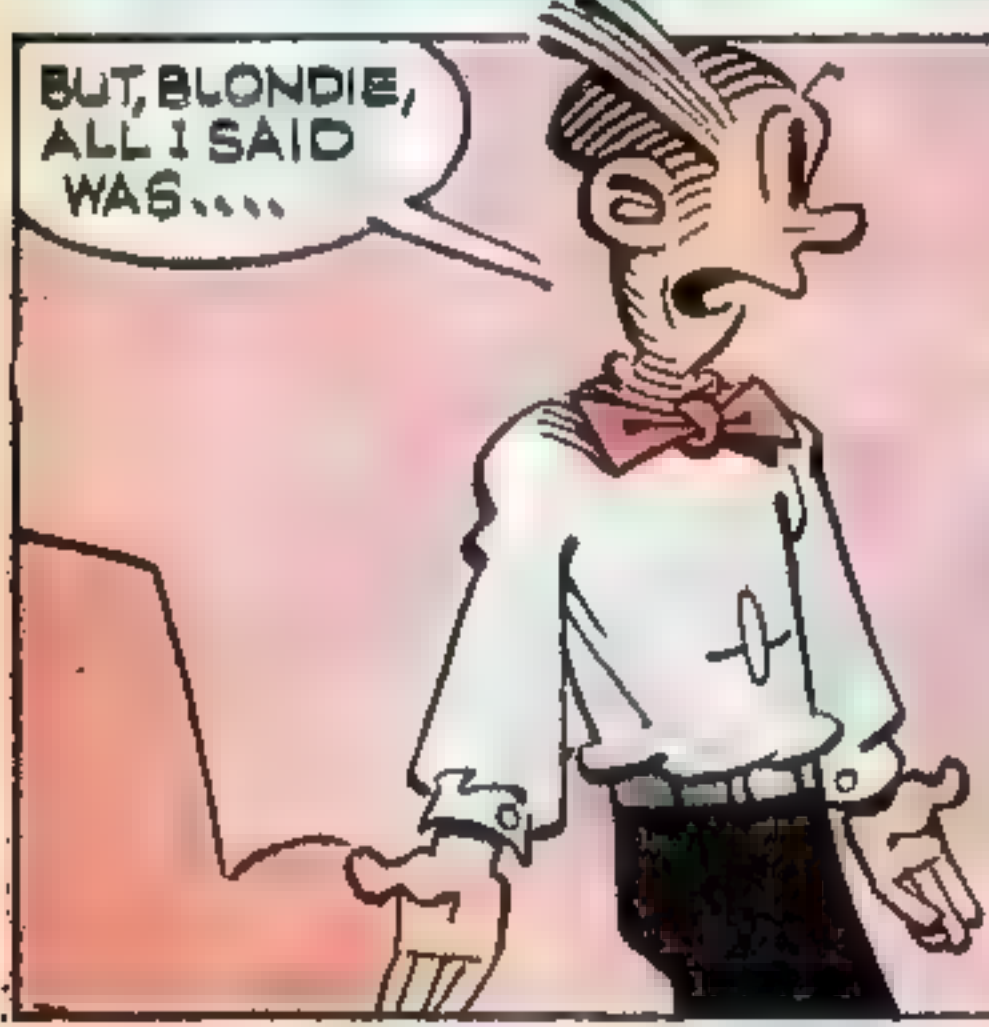
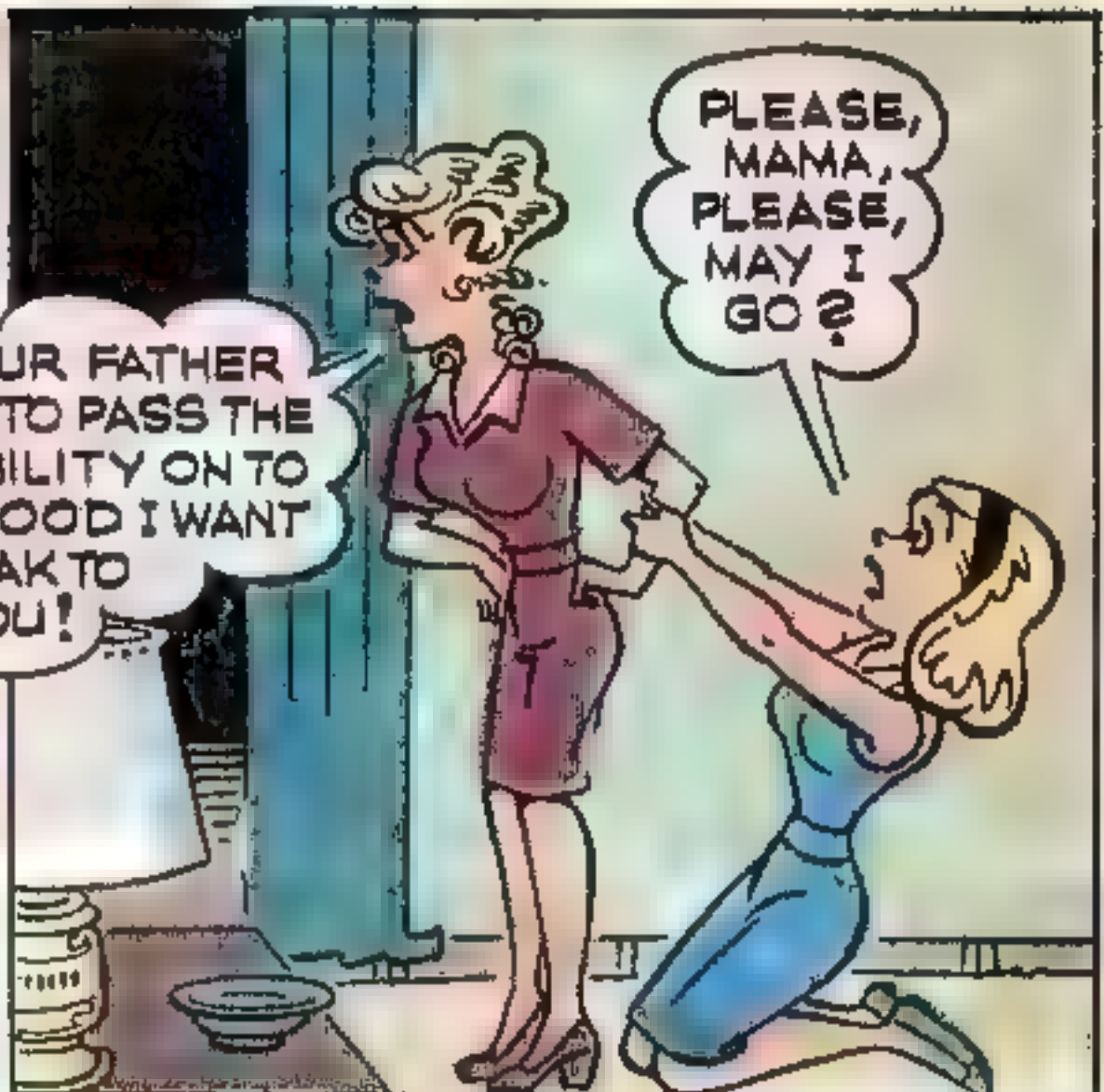




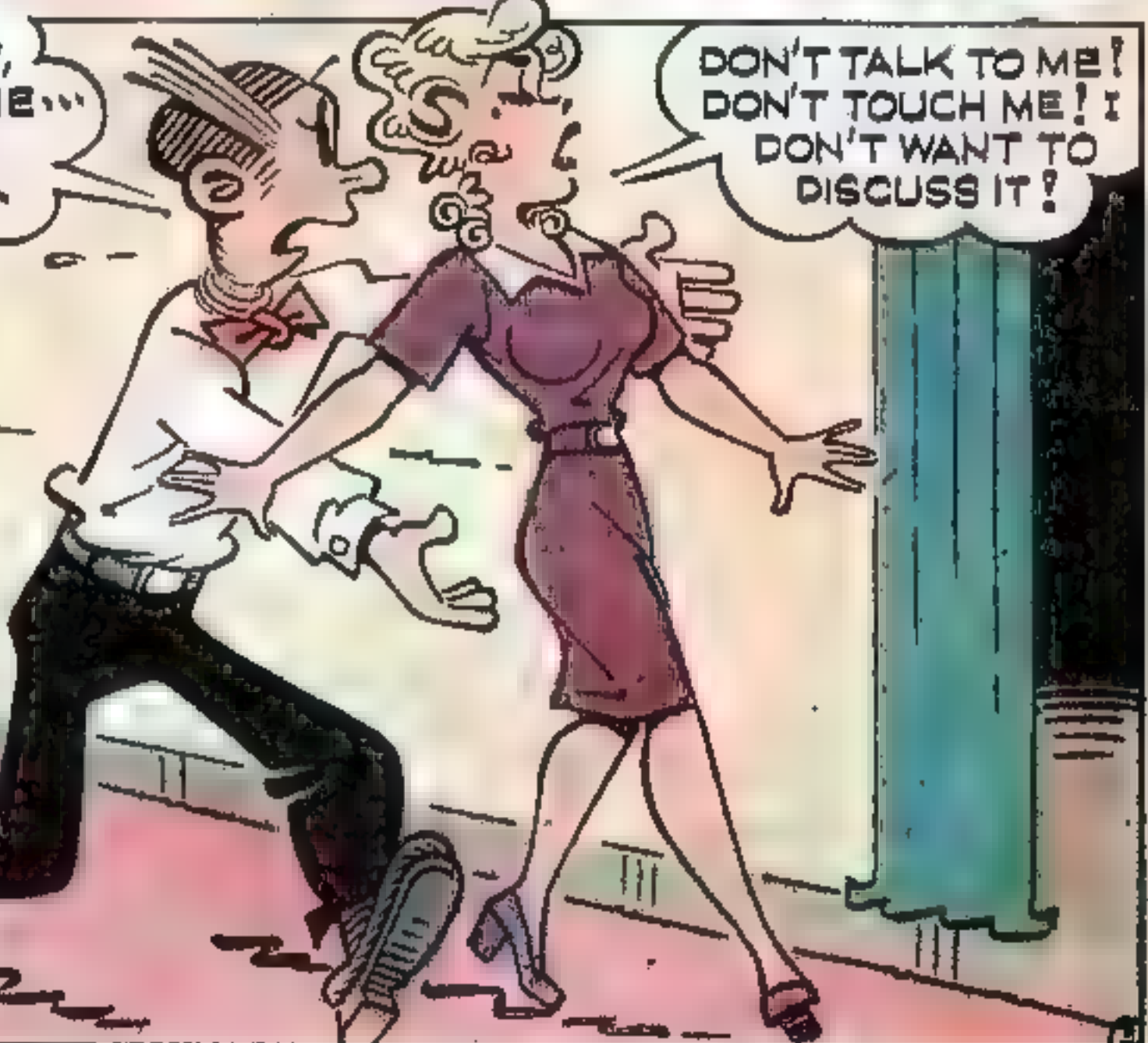


ALL RIGHT, DADDY!

WHAT? YOUR FATHER IS TRYING TO PASS THE RESPONSIBILITY ON TO ME! DAGWOOD I WANT TO SPEAK TO YOU!



NOW, BLONDIE... LET ME...



BLONDIE, ALL I SAID... I-I MERELY...

CAN I GO-HUH?

IF YOU CARED ANYTHING ABOUT ME... IF YOU LOVED ME, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE SAID THOSE THINGS!

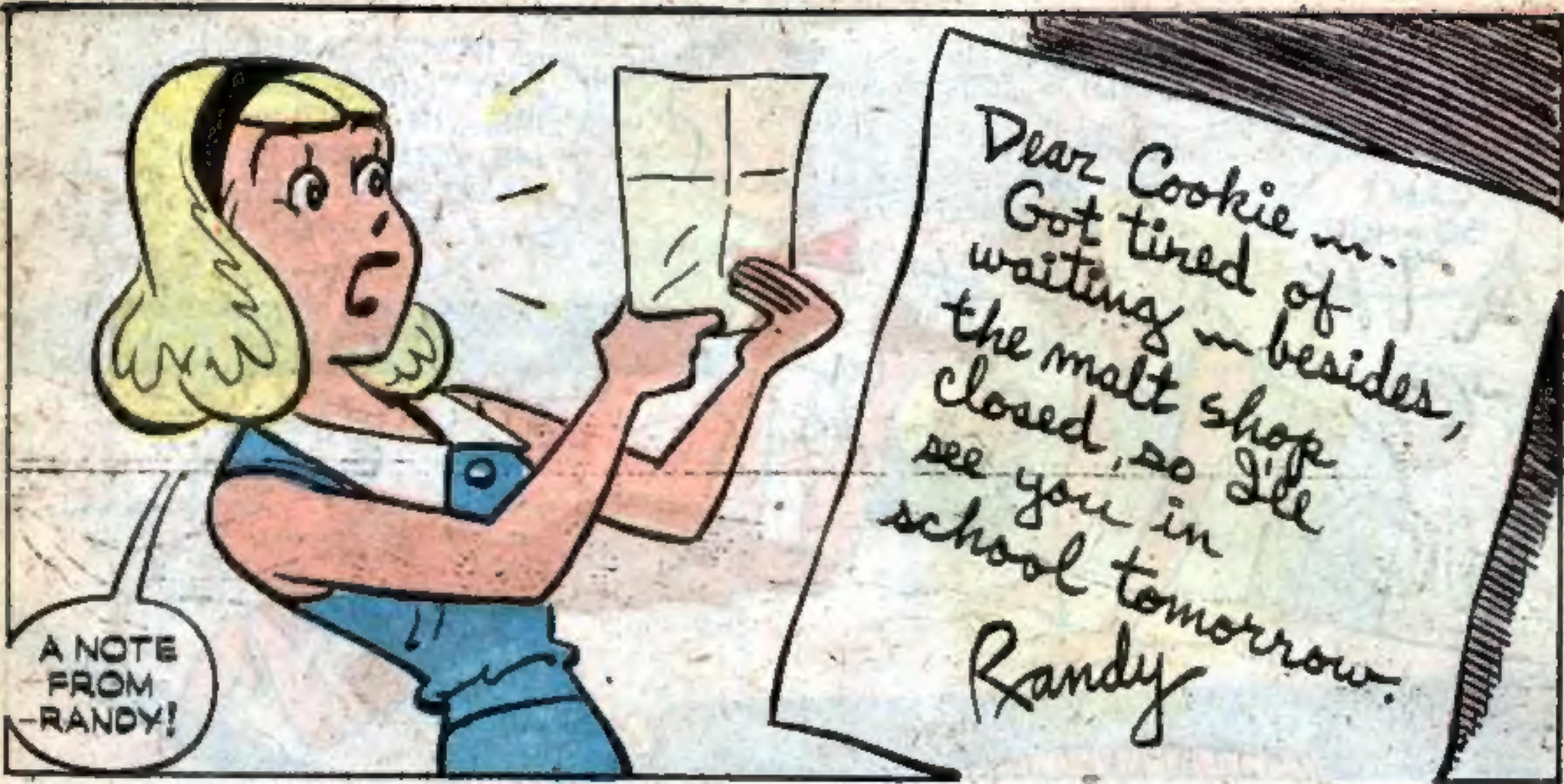
BOO HOO BOO HOO

HOW ABOUT IT-- CAN YOU GO, COOKIE?

GOSH, RANDY... I DON'T KNOW... I SEEM TO HAVE UPSET MY FOLKS, AND THEY HAVEN'T GIVEN ME AN ANSWER!

YOUR MOTHER AND I MADE UP-- IT'S JUST A MISUNDERSTANDING WE HAD, COOKIE, AND WE DECIDED YOU MAY GO... BUT BE HOME BY TEN O'CLOCK-- THERE'S SCHOOL TOMORROW.

ALL RIGHT! I'LL TELL RANDY!



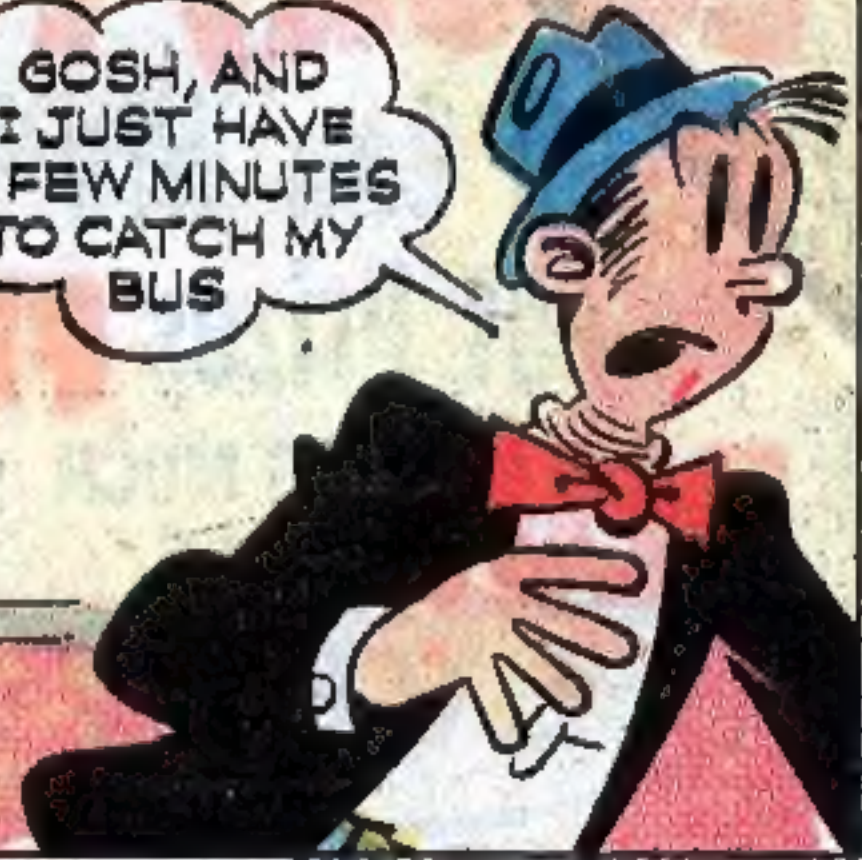
DAGWOOD

A TAIL TO BE HOLD!



DAGWOOD, YOU HAVE LINT ALL OVER THE BACK OF YOUR COAT!

GOSH, AND I JUST HAVE A FEW MINUTES TO CATCH MY BUS



I CAN'T SEEM TO FIND THE CLOTHESBRUSH!

I CAN'T FIND IT EITHER... IT'S GONE!



THE END

The Familiar Doll

STORY BY...
NICOLA CUTI
ART BY...
PAUL FUNG JR.



One bright, summery Sunday Mimsy, who had dark eyes and raven-black hair, went on a picnic with her mother and father.

They drove their old car along several woodsey roads until they came to a small clearing beside a lake where a few wooden picnic tables and a stone fireplace had been set up. Satisfied that this was a perfect location for a pleasant day in the woods, they began to unload supplies from their car; but before they had even half of their food out, two other cars filled with people drove up. The arrival of company delighted Mimsy's parents, but Mimsy was a loner by nature and resented this uninvited intrusion. When she thought that no one was looking she wandered off into the woods.

"Don't go off too far," her mother shouted to her, but Mimsy didn't hear her.

"They don't care about us so why should we care

about them," Mimsy said to her rag doll, Tash.

She didn't expect an answer and so she was quite startled to hear someone say; "I feel that way myself, sometimes."

A boy stepped on to the road from out of the woods and Mimsy recognized him as one of the intruders she had been trying to get away from. He had a clump of red hair on his head and his face was spotted with freckles. He was dressed like a country bumpkin and he reminded Mimsy of a wooden puppet.

"Howdy, my name is Ted," he said with a friendly grin on his face.

"Mimsy," was all Mimsy answered. She wasn't going to be polite to him. She wanted him to go away.

A long period of silence passed before he spoke again. "Do you always talk to your doll?"

"Tash is not just my doll, she's also my familiar."

Ted was puzzled. "What's a familiar?"

Mimsy knew that Ted probably wouldn't know what a familiar was, which pleased her. Here was her chance to shew off and make him feel stupid.

"Everybody knows what that is," she said in a snobbish voice.

"Well, I don't, so tell me."

"A familiar," she began, "is an animal or thing like a black cat or broom which witches have to protect themselves from harm."

"That's silly, you're no witch and how could that dumb doll protect you from harm?"

"I am too a witch," demanded Mimsy and it was clear to Ted that if he wanted to gain Mimsy's friendship he had better either agree with her or change the subject. He decided to change the subject.

As he removed a flashlight from his back pocket, he said: "I know where there are some caves. Do you want to come along?"

"Caves!" said Mimsy and her face lit up into a smile. Dark holes in the ground, filled with bats and mystery. Caves. Sure, she'd love to explore some caves.

She followed Ted through the woods until they reached the side of a mountain. Mimsy saw at least four openings, circled by stones and brush, and asked



Ted which one were they going into. Ted pointed to the third one from the left and the two of them climbed inside, Ted with his flashlight and Mimsy with Tash.

The interior of the cave was larger than she imagined it would be, but perhaps it seemed big because it was so dark. One source of light came from the entrance, an opening only wide enough to allow

them to crawl through one at a time, and the only other light came from Ted's flashlight.

The oval of light from the flashlight slithered across the rough stone walls to disappear down a tunnel. Mimsy was a bit reluctant to explore the tunnel, but Ted urged her on.

"I know these caves," he said confidently, but there were times that he seemed to be unsure about which direction to turn. The path forked as they walked through the tunnel and at each fork Ted said: "Now, I know where we are," but every time he said it, he appeared less certain. Finally, Mimsy demanded to leave and that's when Ted had to admit: "We're lost."

Mimsy began to cry with fear and tried to hug Tash closer to her only to discover that Tash was no longer in her arms.

"Tasha," she cried out, "Tash, where are you?"

Ted was furious with her for searching for her doll. "Don't you realize," he said angrily, "that we could starve to death if we aren't found? Stop worrying about your stupid toy."

For some reason, Ted's words did not comfort Mimsy and her fright increased when the batteries in Ted's flashlight died, plunging them into total darkness. Rather than stumbling through the tunnel and bumping into rocks, they decided to rest for a few minutes. They slept for hours.

Ted was the first to awake. He had dreamt that he had heard the sound of someone calling Mimsy's name, but when he awoke he still heard the sound. He poked Mimsy until she was also awake and heard the voice. Mimsy recognized it immediately.

"That's my daddy's voice," she said with a thrill and, after some shouting back and forth, they were rescued. The rescue party had even found Tash.

"You know," said Mimsy's daddy to her, "I didn't know that your doll was a mechanical walking doll, but it's a good thing that she was because she led us right to you. She walked into that cave, and we followed her."

"There's no motor inside Tasha," Mimsy assured him. "There's nothing inside her except cotton."

Mimsy's father smiled and said: "You really take after your mother, don't you."

Mimsy's mother was also a witch.

